

Weather
SUNNY!

THE
UNIVERSITY

SUN

**FREE
FINAL**

OL. 1 NO. 1

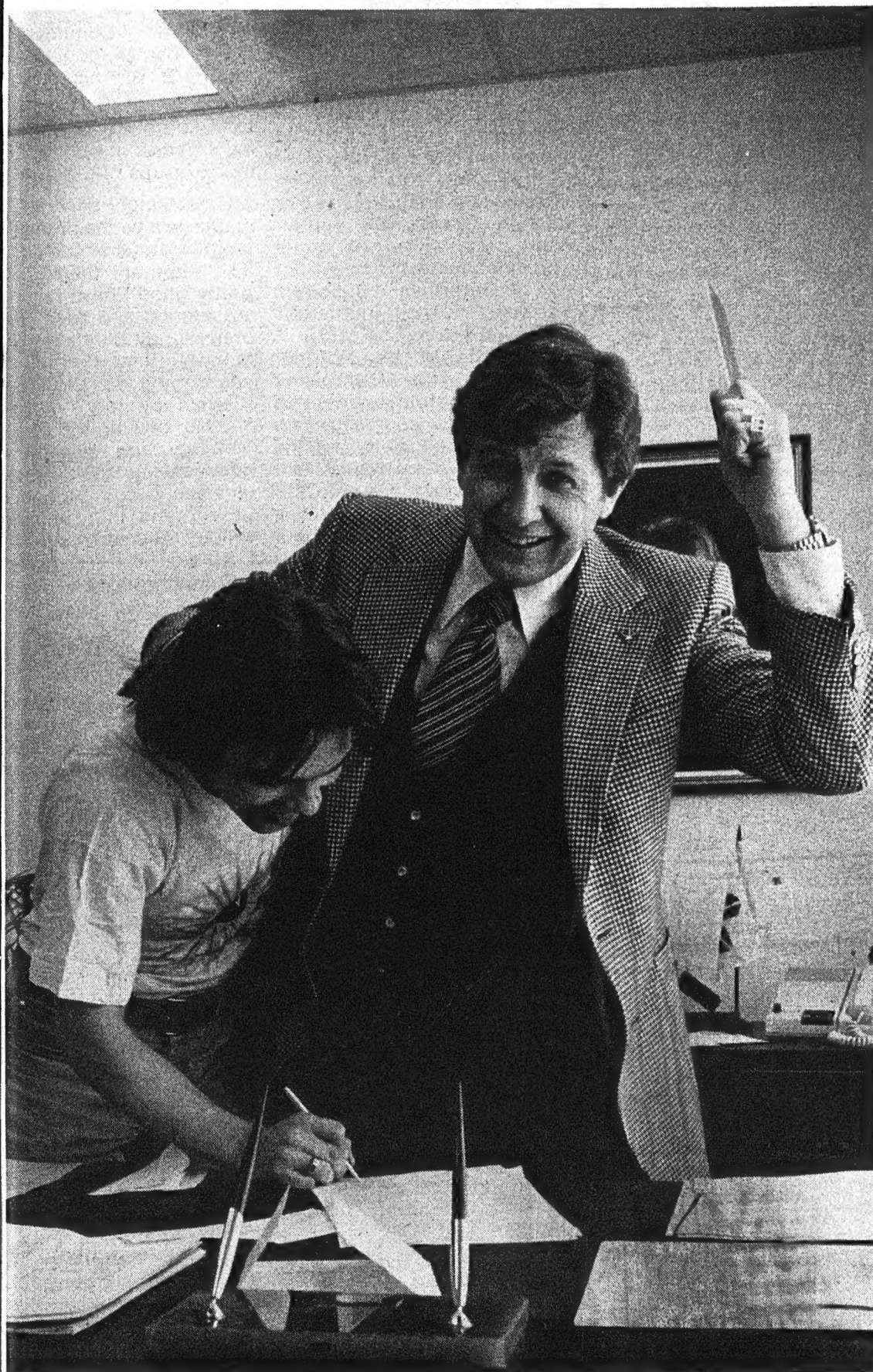
EDMONTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1978

20 PAGES

THE END OF AN ERA: SEE PAGE 4

GATEWAY NO MORE!

STUDENT NEWSPAPER FINISHED!



THE DETAILS:

- The *Gateway* has been purchased by *The Edmonton Sun*, and will now be called *The University Sun*.
- *Sun* publisher Bill Bagshaw hopes to make *The University Sun* the best 'campus rag' in Canada.
- *Gateway* staffers will be retained by the new management to perform menial chores and buy coffee.

**HOHOL
DEAD**

- page 19 -

**LENNON
HITCHED**

- page 5 -

Former *Gateway* Editor-In-Chief Don McIntosh and *Edmonton Sun* Publisher Bill Bagshaw met yesterday to sign the agreement that will see the *Gateway* become the new *University Sun*. Details about the purchase price were not

released, but it is believed that Mr. Bagshaw had only to sing 'Melancholy Baby', and agree to buy the entire *Gateway* staff all the draught that they could drink.

Photo by Stephr Hufchu

(thub)
STUDENTS' UNION
FRIDAYS

offering full food service all day- Beer & Wine after 3

Monday - Thurs. 7:30 - 11 Beer and Wine 3 - 11 p.m.
Friday - 7:30 a.m. - 12 a.m. Beer and Wine 3 - 12 p.m.
Saturday - 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Beer and Wine 3 - 12 p.m.
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from \$458*

All fares subject to currency realignment.

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Gateway sold to Sun

End of era

by Henry Lourie

The Gateway is no more. The official student newspaper at the University of Alberta has gone the way of the Dodo and Passenger Pigeon.

An agreement was signed yesterday that will see ownership of the paper transferred from the Students' Union to *The Edmonton Sun*.

Reasons for the sale have not been released, but it is believed that *Sun* owners had tested the university market and felt the time was 'ripe' to buy in to it.

Bill Bagshaw, Publisher of the *Sun*, told reporters yesterday that negotiations had been underway for some time. Student Union Executive officials had been holding out for rights to all streetboxes on campus, but settled for sales at newsstands around the university.

Gateway staffers greeted the merger with a mixture of delight and trepidation.

Editor-in-Chief Don McIntosh hoped that *The Sun* was in need of hired help. "Maybe floors, or windows maybe?" he said.

Sports Editor Steve Hofbart was delighted with the transaction. "Money money

money money money money money money money!!!", said.

Other staffers wandered aimlessly in the office, muttering and mumbling. Bagshaw says they will all be offered positions as Sun Shiners.

Laughless Ruskies expelled

OTTAWA (CUP) A sombre mood prevailed in the House of Commons today as the Prime Minister, in white-face, rose to announce the expulsion of all remaining Soviet diplomats from Canada. "The Russians have lost their sense of humour," Mr. Trudelt told the hushed M.P.'s.

Reading from a prepared text he termed Canadians as a nation "ridiculously funny" and said it was not in the national interest to keep a lot of humorless Russians around. "They just aren't funny anymore," he said.

Later, in the corridor outside the Commons chamber, he told reporters "In the old days, espionage was good entertainment and the voters were interested but with the revelations of RCMP covert activities, Canadians just don't want to hear about

Russian spies any more. Our own RCMP Security Service can do the job."

RCMP Commissioner B.R.N. Barnes, contacted reporters at his vacation residence in Sudbury, Ontario, approved of the government decision, saying: "We'll get the Russians out of the way."

Our security service personnel will be the undisputed laughingstock of Canada.

"After all, there's sort of pretty good Polish jokes going around and even sort of pretty funny Ukrainian jokes but when was the last time you got a good laugh from a Russian spy story?" he asked.

No one at the Russian embassy was available for comment. Guards outside the embassy building responded to reporters' inquiries with a simple, "Get serious, eh?"

SPRING SESSION May 1 - June 9, 1978

If you're attending Spring Session this year, keep in mind the variety of activities available for your pleasure.

SPORTS

FREE instruction is available on a weekly basis in the following sports:

Golf - Monday to Thursday, commencing May 8, SUB Courts - 6:15-8:15 pm
Squash - Tuesday to Thursday, commencing May 9, Phys. Ed. Courts - 6-7 pm
Social Dance - Monday and Wednesday commencing May 8: Rm E19 - 8-10 pm
Racquetball

LEAGUE PLAY

Softball - Monday to Thursday, commencing May 8, Corbett Field 6:30 p.m. (men and women)
Volleyball - Tuesday and Thursday, commencing May 16, Main Gym - 7-9 p.m. (co-ed)

ALSO

TOURNAMENTS WILL BE HELD DURING Spring Session in the following:

Badminton	(doubles, co-ed)
Racquetball	Doubles, co-ed)
Squash	(co-ed)
Tennis	(co-ed)
Panda Basketball	(3-on-3)

THERE'S FREE ENTERTAINMENT TOO!!

Every Wednesday at noonhour, on the main floor of SUB, musicians for all to enjoy. Watch for:

Rob McKeg	- May 3
Salt River	- May 10
Marva Wood	- May 17
Dean Dickson	- May 24
Jack Hennig	- May 31
Silvertone Rangers	- June 7

Just bring your lunch, FREE coffee available!

Watch for additional events in the weekly newsletter *The Summer Times*.

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The Ian Thomas Band

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Thurs., April 27 8:00 p.m.

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10062 Jasper Ave. (424-4948) and at the door.

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The Guess Who
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Edmonton Coliseum

Produced by Perryscope Production

Tickets: \$5.50
6.50, \$7.50
Available from
Coliseum Box
Office (474-8500)
and usual outlets

Carlsberg Has Trots!

by Carl Coskie

Acting on a tip from an anonymous source *University Sun* reporters and photographers burst into the office of the *Young Socialists* on Saturday night and made a discovery that has shocked hardened observers of the campus scene and provoked harsh criticism from student leaders.

Upon entering the premises our intrepid reporters were astonished to find Kathy Roczkowskyj lying dead drunk on the floor clutching an empty bottle in her hand.

Closer examination revealed that this was no ordinary bottle of booze as first suspected but a one gallon container of *Paarl* wine from South Africa.

A quick glance around the room confirmed our reporters' worst fears.

The desks were littered with half empty bottles of *Carlsberg* and *Black Label*; there were salads made from iceberg lettuce on the tables; empty packs of *Rothmans* were scattered throughout the room.

There was no mistaking it!

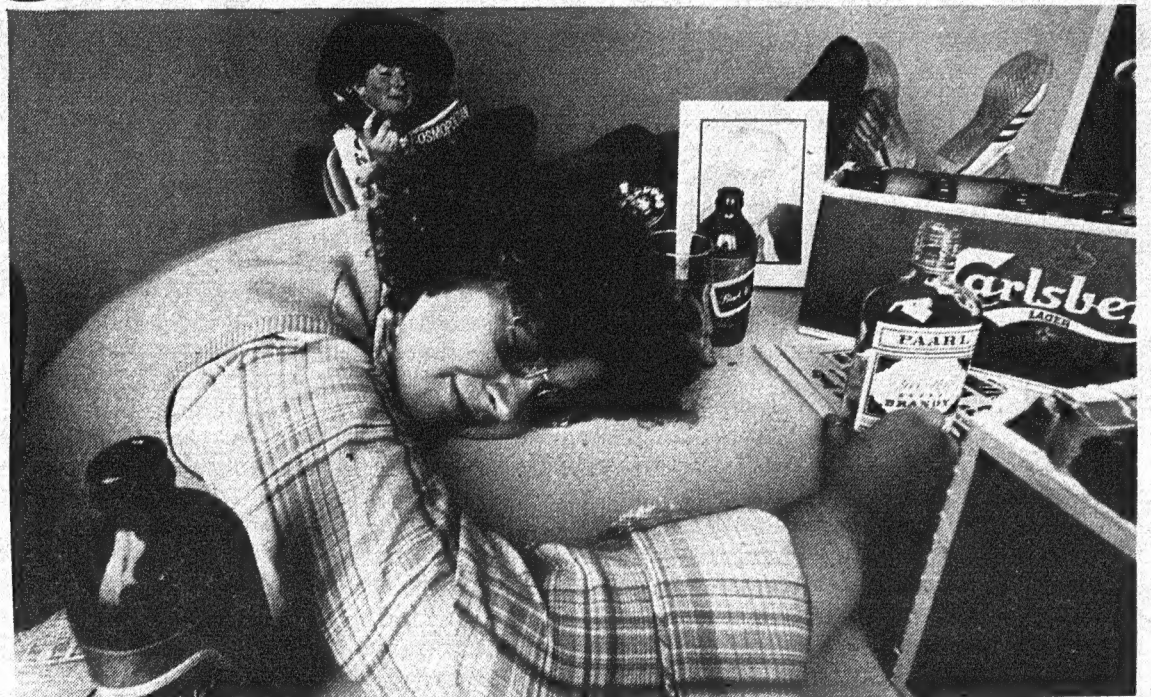
The YS had been caught red-handed, having a 'scab party'!

Although a number of YSers managed to escape through the open door and others hid under their desks and refused to answer questions, *University Sun* staffers were finally able to corner Katy Le Rougetel and after considerable prodding she agreed to comment on the scandalous discovery.

"I know this looks awful," said Katy, "but you simply must understand the predicament we found ourselves in. We just got to where we couldn't stand it anymore. All those years of wondering what *Carlsberg* really tastes like, of longing for a bite of *Kraft* cheese. I love *Kraft* cheese. In fact I was virtually raised on the stuff. You have no idea how much I suffered during that boycott."

"It was the same way with the grapes," she added. "When they lifted the boycott on scab grapes Nick (Cooke) and Kathy and I went out and bought six pounds of California grapes and we ate and ate until we were all sick. It's forbidden fruit you know. It always tastes better than the ordinary stuff, believe me."

In contrast to Ms. Le Rougetel's confessional statements Nick Cooke, who was working his way through a case of *Carlsberg* when reporters arrived, was adamant in his defense of the YS.



Paarl Harbor...UniSun photographers zeroed in like Japanese bombers and caught Trots napping on Saturday night.

"Young Socialists are human too," he exclaimed irately. "I never bought that boycott crap anyway. Besides my term's over and I'm getting out. Next year I'll be in law school in Winnipeg, so it's not my problem. There's just one thing, fellas. Please don't put anything in the paper about this. My wife'll brain me if she ever finds out."

Brian Mason of the Federation of Alberta Students was one of the first to issue a statement on this sordid affair.

"I am of course shocked and disappointed to learn of this but I want to remind students that there are still responsible sources of left wing leadership on this campus, now that the Trotskyites have been exposed."

In fact the only individual willing to speak up in defense of the YS was Manfred Lukat, former vp services.

"I don't see what's so terrible about having a 'scab party'," said Manfred.

"If they get a buzz out of drinking *Paarl* wine and eating scab lettuce then why shouldn't they do it? By the way, tell Nick he's welcome to come over to my place and check out my collection of *Penthouse*, *Oui*, and *Blueboy* any time he wants."

Student Body Found!

by Jack Bush

The body of a university student was fished from the bottom of the North Saskatchewan River early Monday morning according to Edmonton City Police.

Ron Pascoe, a political science major who was said to have a passionate interest in student affairs, apparently hurled himself from the High Level bridge at approximately 8:25 a.m. and his body was recovered from the river a short while later said police officials.

Local police said no foul play is suspected, and the city coroner described the case as "an obvious suicide".

Although there were no immediately available clues as to what could have driven Pascoe to take his own life, he is said to have been despondent in recent weeks.

One observer at the scene suggested that Pascoe might have taken his dive off the bridge for publicity purposes or merely to demonstrate that such a feat was possible.

"I thought he knew what he was doing" said Mrs. A Cloots of 108 Street. "He yelled out something about being a stuntman or something. I couldn't tell exactly. I must say, though, he sure made a belly whopper of a landing."

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FRIDAY, APRIL 21 8:30 p.m. SUB THEATRE
SATURDAY, APRIL 22
Tickets: \$4.00

Tickets available at S.U. Box Office (9008 HUB Mall), Mike's, all Woodward's and at the door

Presented by Students' Union Concerts - Assisted by Alberta Culture

sponsored by  AIR CANADA



WILLIAM J BAGSHAW, Publisher
DONALD K MacINTOSH, Editor
MARY T DUCZYNSKI, Managing Editor
Owned and published at Rm. 282 SUB, U of A, by the
Edmonton Sun, a partnership.

TOM WRIGHT, Director of Advertising

30

It's true. The *Edmonton Sun* has purchased the Gateway from the Students' Union. We had heard rumours as early as February but our investigations led to dead end after dead end. No one in the Students' Union would say anything, though we were suspicious - especially after we discovered the Students' Union had rented all the available street corners around the campus to the *Sun* and that the new executive were receiving free subscriptions and tickets to the *Sun* party.

Yesterday, S.U. president Cheryl Hume stepped into my office and broke the news. My initial reaction was disbelief. I laughed. Then she showed me the contract. All the students councillors had signed it, Bill Bagshaw, publisher of the *Sun* had signed it, Harry Gunning had signed it, and John Savard had signed it.

"Just sign here," Cheryl said, "and it all be over."

"But why?" I asked, bewildered.

"It's very simple, really. The *Sun* has brought a new image to Edmonton, and it is one which emulates the true ideals of a university. It is saucy and is prepared to raise hell. It is probing and thorough, like the typical undergraduate. In contrast the Gateway is not. It is stodgy and traditional. It is not the "cutting edge for the advancement of society" but rather the blunt instrument of barbarism -"

Like hell," I shouted but was stopped before I could say more. A seething mob of burly civil engineers, all wearing *Sun* t-shirts had burst into my office. Some had bats, others pieces of the Caro sculpture. But the most fearsome held heavy herford legs bones in clenched fists.

"It's been settled, goddamnit," said one, as he lifted a two hundred pound hind quarter above my head, "just sign the paper."

I tried not to be intimidated and in an even voice I asked the engineers how they had become involved.

"We've signed a contract with them," said one, and then said something about Sunshine girls (or was it queens) before another told him to shut his mouth.

I opened mine to ask another question, but another engineer, wielding an acetylene scorched piece of corten steel, dared me to say more.

I didn't. Cheryl gave me a pen. I signed and tears welled up in my eyes.

It's all over, I thought now what I am going to do? *Katamandu* is passe, and Saskatoon's too flat. Too short to be a mountie, too sober to be a gunfighter.

Bagshaw must have been reading my thoughts, "Don't worry, boy, we'll let you write one last editorial and then find you a job in the organization."

I look around the office for the last time - my yellow and pink Anarchist calendar, my Empire of Lights, my *Shoe* cartoons, my fan mail from Teddy's, are all looking sad. I'll pack them up and take them home and stamp "finished" all over them.

The phone rings, it's Bagshaw.

"Sunshiner McIntosh, please..."

It's great to see *The Gateway* sell out to the big bucks. Why, when I was editor of that rag, way back in 1960, I tried my darndest to get *The Western Reporter* to buy us out, but to no avail.

Joe Clark
Leader of the Opposition.

Nice of you to write, Joe, but the only person on campus who seems to remember you is Harvey, the janitor in the archives, and he wants you to send a photo of your wife so he can be sure.

My congratulations to your paper on its successful merger with *The Edmonton Sun*.

Pierre Eliot Trudeau
Prime Minister
Really, it's him.

It's wonderful to see *The University Sun* on campus. Maybe now we can have some decent journalism here at the U of A.

Happy to be
rid of the Gateway

Fuck Off!

THEME FROM "BUB SLUG" © "DON'T BUMFACE ME"

words and music by
Gary Delaney & Gerry Rossmussen

RED HOT PIANO BOOGIE

Haven't been around in the world that much. no position in the community. no business trans-

actions as such. don't BUMFACE ME, don't BUMFACE me. don't BUMFACE

me. please be nice and (smash) don't BUMFACE me. I've

(RED HOT SOLO)

1) Haven't been around in the world that much, No position in the community No business transactions as such So don't BUMFACE ME, chorus

2) Haven't been around with the women that much, Don't understand sexuality No romantic relations as such BABY DON'T BUMFACE ME, chorus

3) Haven't been around with the HIPPIES that much, Get no highs artificially No drug dealings as such So don't BUMFACE ME, chorus

4) Haven't been around with BUMFACES much, Know nothing of villainy No BACK STABBING as such So don't BUMFACE ME chorus

5) RED HOT PIANO SOLO

6) Haven't been around in the world that much, No position in the community No business transactions as such So PLEASE DON'T BUMFACE ME chorus

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LETTER OF THE DAY

Be advised that no matter what baseless conclusions you have drawn re: *Campus News* attempting to impersonate the Gateway, we have in no way, at any time ever give the impression that we are anything but who we say we are and that is: *Campus News*, a newspaper which is distributed throughout 8 campuses (not only the U of A) in the province of Alberta, published by Regional Press Ltd. and printed by North Hill News. We are sorry that in signing the copy release to us, Mr. McIntosh allegedly misunderstood the extent to which we would use Gateway material (even though the copy we submitted to him for approval contained over 100 articles). We did not wish, in the first place, to create any bad feelings or misunderstandings and would not, therefore, consider reprinting Gateway articles in the future without first consulting the Gateway staff even though, as you say, you "may be unable to prevent [such] republishing..." Any court action to prevent some would be an exercise in futility.

Before I end this letter I would like to comment about the appalling journalistic standards Mr. Birnie has dis-

played in writing his article "Is it the Gateway in Disguise?"

To begin with he never does answer his own question but does get distracted in subject matter by jumping around from attacks on the amount of advertising contained in *Campus News* (hardly a damnable offence as it is still legal in this country to make a profit) to outright factual errors which cast shadows on the business ethics of Regional Press. To clarify:

1. *Campus News* does not "consist(s) entirely of articles from the Gateway and the University of Calgary Gauntlet." Their (sic) is I believe at least one article written by CUSO on pg. 20.
2. The agreement to reprint was signed sometime in February and not as stated in the article "last fall."
3. The advertisements bought by Bel Air Apartments & Standard General of "comparable size" were not, as was stated, different in price but rather both paid \$67.50 (you've quoted Bel-Air's(sic) cost as being \$64.00).

In the first paragraph of his article Mr. Birnie, hiding behind the language of lawyers states *Campus News* "may have, solicited advertising by giving local firms the

impression that it was the student newspaper of the University of Alberta" and then he does absolute nothing to prove what implies. I am sorry there may have been a misunderstanding in this affair but I feel this is no excuse for spending Student (sic) dollars to print slander and garbage.

P.S. There are at least four and probably more student newspapers being printed in Edmonton alone. To many businessmen (advertisers specifically) the thin line that separates names may be nonexistent (sic). That one might recently receive the impression that one student newspaper is another is further proven by the statement in your article that the manager of Camera Color Lab received "the mistaken impression that *Campus News* was related to *Student News*." Although there is a newspaper called *Student Canada*, there is no such newspaper in Edmonton to my knowledge in the province called *Student News*.

respectfully yours (S)

Robert He
publisher of *Campus News*
Regional Press Ltd.

PAUL BUMSTEAD



So there I am, drinking realize what befalls your face my brains out in the Empress if you don't take back dear of China on 24th, trying to Annabelle."

forget this dump.

"Nuts to that," says I. Now don't get me wrong, "You bought the old girl, she fella - it's a nice little burg you is your filly."

"You do not wish to got here.

But it is not Toronto - the reconsider?" says he. big TO, doncha know.

You know? "No, dear friend, I wish you to leave our newsroom,"

So what if you've got six says I.

lousy streetcars hooked up to "I am very sorry for you, run along some abandoned Paul Bumstead, because we CNR right-of-way? Back East are gonna have to break we've got more miles of REAL something!" says Westgate.

subway lines than E.P. Taylor "In that case, I will most has investments. certainly reconsider your kind

Anyway, I'm getting way offer," I says.

off track here (Hey! Har-de- So now I'm stuck with har! Not a bad pun!!). I'm Annabelle the Lousy Wonder

supposed to be telling you Nag, and no money. My eight about this lousy horse I own- ex-wives are all clamouring Annabelle the Wonder Nag, I for alimony, and my account- call her. tant tells me I owe Trudeau a

Brought her out from little under \$975,000. Toronto to Northlands Park,

and the damn thing refuses to Bill Bagshaw walks in today

run. Doesn't like the lousy and threatens to fire me.

weather or something. "Paul Bumstead, I am

So I sell her to these idiots tired of hearing every person

from the *Journal* - three in your columns sound like something from a Damon

gravelheads name of Terry Runyan book. Why

Jones, Barry Westgate and per chance do all your people

Art Evans. talk so strangely?" he says.

These bozos don't know "Bill Bagshaw, I must tell

the first thing about horses, you that one fine day back in

they feed poor Annabelle the Fifties, I had occasion to

granola and keep her in the attend a performance of

newsroom. "Guys" and Dolls" at the

Poor old girl has a little Etobicoke Regional Theatre,

trouble with the diet, ends up and I suffered the misfortune

shitting all over the place - of falling from the balcony on

they have to close the place to my head. This permanently

down until the computer affected the way I talk, and on

terminals are cleaned. occasion I have been known

Well, to make a long story to call myself Nathan Detroit

short, these characters come and sing in a manner not

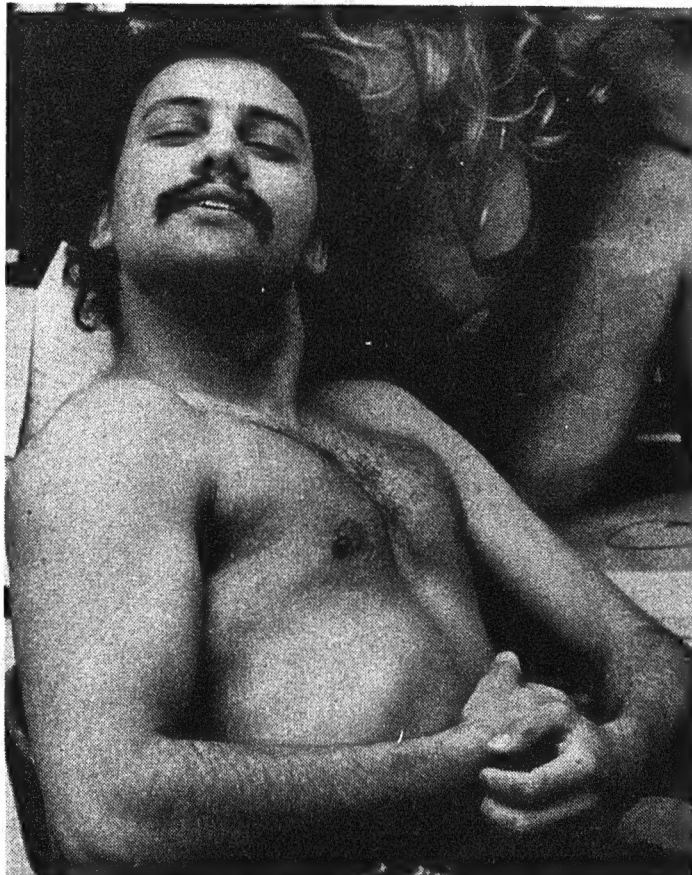
looking for me at the *Sun*. unlike that of Frank Sinatra."

"My good friend Paul We all got problems,

Bumstead," says Jones. "I kid," says Bagshaw.

think per chance you don't

SUNSHINE BOY



Sunshine Boy Ian, 23, enjoys sleeping, eating, drinking, and performing other basic bodily functions. He hopes to someday set a world land record for the fastest time across Whyte Avenue from the Strath to the Commercial.

Bells Are Ringing - All Hail Lennon!

by Sisyphus Shrugges

Gateway staffers were shocked to learn last Friday that editor-elect Loreen Lennon had resigned her position.

"I'm getting married!" Loreen announced gleefully. "Yes, I'm leaving the rat-race behind at last," she added. "My hubby and I want to have a whole passle of kids, and I can't be bothered with deadlines and headlines and all that newspaperly stuff."

An emergency meeting of the Gateway Publications Board was held early Saturday morning, and a number of applicants were interviewed for the position, including Tom Barrett, Manfred Lukat and Ron Pascoe.

The Board evaluated the candidates over the weekend, and announced their decision at 8:00a.m. Monday morning. Next year's editor-in-chief will be Manfred Lukat, the former VP Services and an occasional contributor to the Gateway in the past.

When informed of the identity of her replacement, Loreen giggled, and said, "Well, well, I wish you all the best of luck."

"I've got big plans for the Gateway," he said. "Up to now, the paper has been very unimaginative and very two dimensional. Previous editors have overemphasized dead concepts, like objectivity for example. They've been unwilling or unable to explore new horizons or realities; afraid to break the rules; to really let themselves go."

"I've never been afraid to let myself go. Under my guidance I think that the Gateway can create a new journalism; a journalism that goes past objectivity to creativity and beyond; a journalism that is multi-

More executive conflict

A romantic triangle broke into a smashing, screaming, kicking, biting, hair pulling, eye gouging fight when SU pres. Cheryl Hume and vp internal Kaysi Eastlick quarreled over the affections of vp academic Mike Ekelund.

The fight started in Hume's office and moved out into the general SU office. It continued down the hall until it reached CKSR. There, station director Gary McGowan decided the fight was in conflict with CKSR's planned "Love Weekend" (a la CHED) and pulled the combatants apart. He is expected to recover.

dimensional and in contact with conceptual realities of all kinds."

Manfred admitted that it would be difficult to round up an adequate staff on such short notice, but he claimed to have a few people in mind who could really liven things up on the paper.

"I have a friend from Chicago who's coming here to be my top advisor," he said. "I can't tell you his name, but he's been here before and he's really an outstanding orator and philosopher."

Tom Barrett, this year's sports quizmaster, seemed to

accept the decision philosophically, but Ron Pascoe, a political science major with an avid interest in student affairs, appeared visibly shaken when the announcement was made.

"I had to miss a final exam to come here this morning," he stated "I can't understand it. I was sure that I was going to win."

Pascoe started to mutter something about the DIE Board, but he trailed off in mid-sentence, and walked out the door looking inconsolable.

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She loves him. He admires her taste.

starring Joe Clark & Maureen McTeer

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FROM THE #1 BEST SELLING SUSPENSE THRILLER

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Adult, not suitable for children
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MANFRED LUKAT "STRAIGHT TIME"

Restricted Adult
Daily at 2:00, 4:00, 6:50 & 9:00

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10065 Jasper Avenue 428-1303

WINNER OF 4 ACADEMY AWARDS

BEST PICTURE
BEST DIRECTOR
BEST ACTRESS
ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

MAGGIE T.
A nervous romance.

CAPITOL SQUARE
10065 Jasper Avenue 428-1303

Adult Entertainment
Daily at 2:15 4:10 7:40 9:40

Photographer takes own life

A UniSun photographer killed yesterday at the Stadium Rapid Transit Station may have purposely thrown himself under Car 1002, after learning that his newspaper had been sold to *The Sun*.

The tragedy occurred at approximately 1:30 p.m., as the car was pulling away from the station with a full load of passengers, who were being given free rides up and down the line.

The photographer had been shooting at the edge of the platform when he suddenly fell in the train's path. He and his Pentax KX (with a 135 mm lens) were mangled beyond recognition.

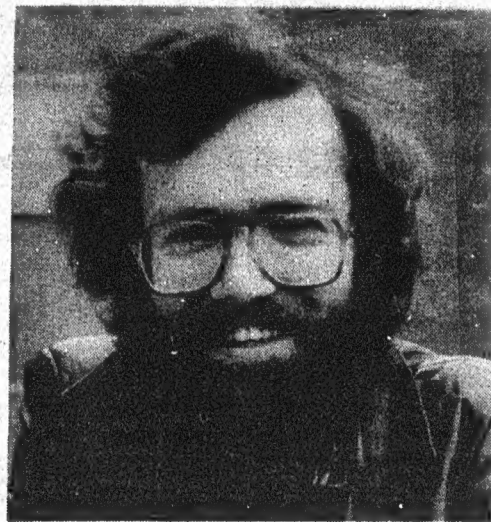
The victim's name has been withheld by City Police, pending notification of next of kin.

Witnesses say the man set the timer on his camera to take a photo of himself as he jumped in front of the speeding train.

"Gateway should have gone to color front page photos years ago," he allegedly said.



Rapid Transit Car 1002, standing idle with a body underneath.

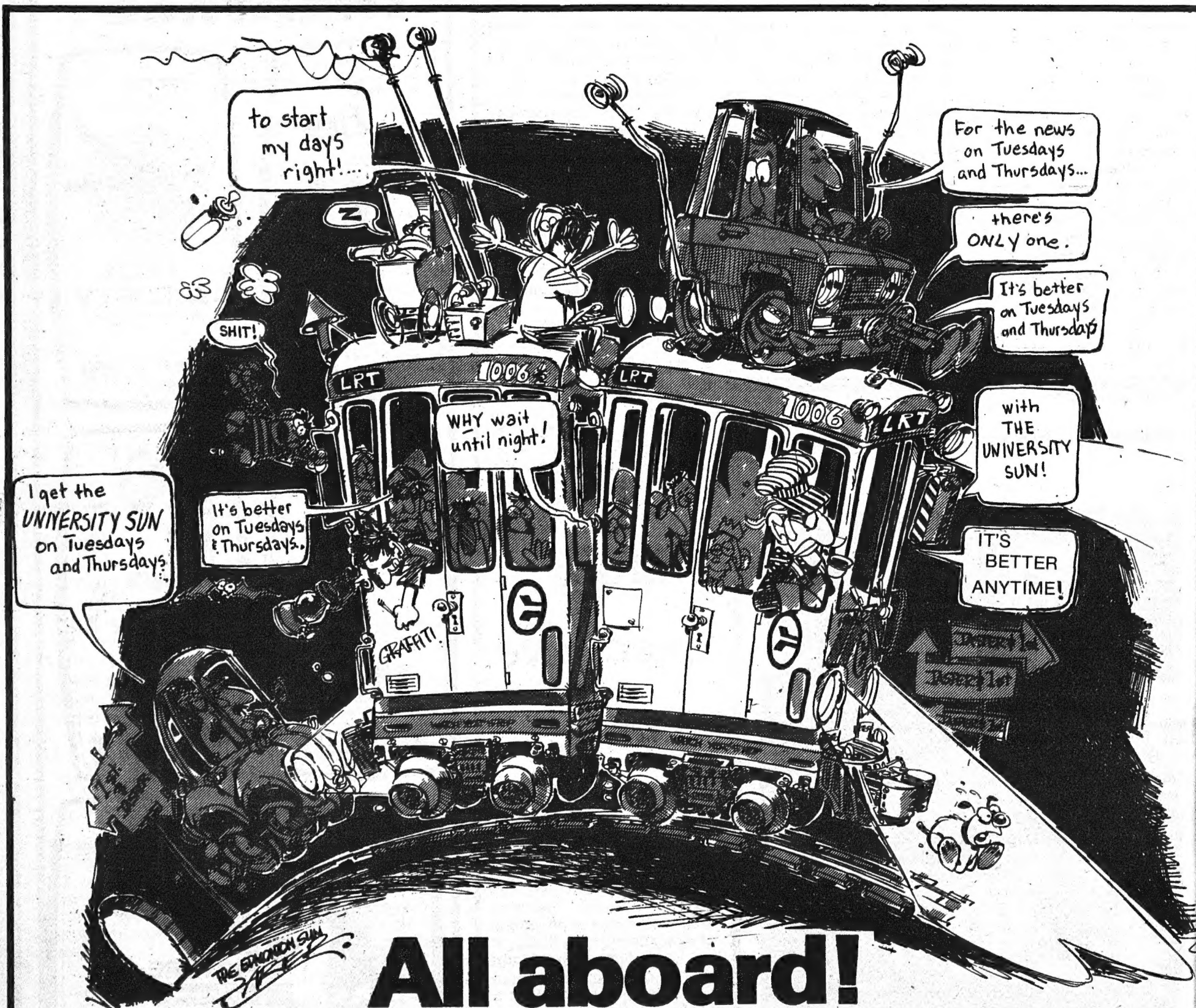


Eric Denhoff

As a kid, Eric used to pull the wings off flies and stomp on frogs. One of the nastiest guys in the business.



IT'S BETTER ANYTIME



All aboard!



The University Sun is on track, and we'll be bringing you all the campus news in a bright and sassy manner.

If you want to subscribe, just call 432-5168. We'll have a bright and sassy kid deliver your Sun to your roof, sometime after midnight, the day after publication.

We'll do our best to be rude, crude, and unattractive. Don't let your grandmother see this paper - it'll kill her for sure.

The University Sun. Something New From An Old Friend.

DAVID SUZUKI



Yesterday, the Board of Governors announced the appointment of Herr Doktor Werner von Werner to head the University of Alberta space program. Doktor von Werner began his research at the Peenemunde Rocket Development Center in the 1940's, and has been hard at work ever since, trying to make up for it. In an exclusive *Unisun* interview, Dr. von Werner gave details of the plans by the U of A to put the first space colony into orbit.

Unisun: Well, Herr Doktor, how did you first become interested in rocketry?

von Werner: Vell, you zee, ven I vas chust a kinder, I used to put der firecrackers unter der tin canz, unt light der fuses to make dem chump off der groundt. My next door neighbor, Mrs. Schickelgruber, couldt not shtand to hear dem, so I always set dem off right next to her garten. Her little son Adolf was my constant boyhood friend.

Unisun: But how did this interest get you into rocket research?

von Werner: Vell, after I finish at der University auf Berlin, Adolf asked me to help him. By dis time, der poor boy had changed der name, und had become eine politician! Zo, I took some friends, undt ve shtarted puttink great big firecrackers unter great, big tin cans. Ve called dem V-2's, after Vera, my second wife. Dey both packed a helluva vallop! Den after der var, I come to Kanada to verk on Kanadian rockets. I verked on Black Barts, Black Brants, unt Blackbeard's; I verked at de restaurant after dey fired me zinse all my rockets kept exploding.

Unisun: What exactly are the plans here at the U of A for space research; are we going to launch our own rockets?

von Werner: Yes, ve are goink to develop our own rockets. Der launch site hass not yet been determined, but it is likely dat ve vill be using either Mackin...er Nckie... I mean der Mackenzie Hall at Lizter Residence or der Henry Marshall Tory Buildink.

Unisun: How will they be of use?

von Werner: Vell ve vill remove der elafators, undt use der shafts to hold der rockets like eine Gantry tower. Each site has der advantages, for example, usink Tory would allow exhaust gases to be bypassed t'rough der Tory Turtle, dereby destroying hundreds of Arts students mit each launch! As vell, ve could maybe get a government grant for forcing der professors undt grad shtudents mit offices in Tory to use der shtairs, dereby takink part in der Participation.

Unisun: What are the advantages of using the elavator shafts in the Mackenzie residence?

von Werner: Der tunnels for der exhaust gases are already in place so der would be fewer alterations. Dere would be no great loss if die exhaust vass channeled through der cafeteria, as no von kan shtand der food anyvay. Der machor point in itz favor ist dat security dere is already strong enough to be keepink unvanted personnel out. In fact, if ve use it, de regulations vill have to be relaxed somevat from dere present tight leffels.

Unisun: What is the eventual aim of the university's space program?

von Werner: Ve plan to haff our first test pilot, Mizter Don "Big Mac" McIntosh, on der moon by 1980. He'll shtay dere until ve figure out a vay to get him back. After dat, by 1985 ve plan to put a space colony into orbit. It vill be fully contained mit evrythink needed for normal university life. Der vill be professors on coffebreak, professors on lunch andt dinner breaks, koffeeshops, stereo stores andt rekordt shops, exotic greazy spoons restaurants undt vast sunscreens for collecting der solar enerchy.

Unisun: You're certainly not planning to...?

von Werner: Of course ve are, you silly goose! Der HUB Mall ist eine ideal pre-conshtucted unit for dis purpose. You don't t'ink dat der University of Alberta would buy a buildink from shtudents, even for a buck, if it didn't even have classrooms. Dis move hass been in der plans since Day Von, undt I'm surprised you didn't hear aboutt it.

Unisun: But what about all the residents and shopkeepers?

von Werner: Oh, dey can all get ferry rich sellink der merchandise to each odder. Dat's der beauty of der free enterprise system!

Staff this issue:

Bill Bagshaw, Gord Buick, Katy LeRougetel, Kathy Roczkowskyj, Nick Cooke, P. Jardine and Henry, Dave Samuel, John Charles, Bohdan Hrynshyn, for the last time lonely reporter Kent Blinston, special thanks to Tom Barrett, Fritz Logan, and John McEwen without whom none of this would have been necessary.

PARTY!

celebrate the demise of *The Gateway*. It'll be at Fritz's place - check with Don or Al in the office for details. If they're not there, try *The Edmonton Sun* on 124th Street - they'll probably be scrubbing floors or something.



Our intrepid staff gathers for a final photo before going their intrepid separate ways. Hail to thee, oh Alma Gateway! Old staffers never die, they just head for *The Sun*!

Don is unemployed, Mina is unemployed, Peter is probably unemployed, Al has a job, Mary works at *The Sun*, Cindy and Marilyn are on very part-time at *The Sun* until they can think of something better, Steve is off to dig ditches, Fritz will be writing for Lexographic Ltd. of Edmonton, Calgary, New York, Paris and Munich, Tom will be selling pencils to pay off hockey bets, Shirl and Jenna wanna see the animals at the Valley Zoo, John will be graduating (read: unemployed) and Tony will be running a vast empire reminiscent of *Citizen Kane*.



Dave Billington

The only pick-up truck driver in Canada who knows the difference between a Bosch fuel-injection system and a grande jete.



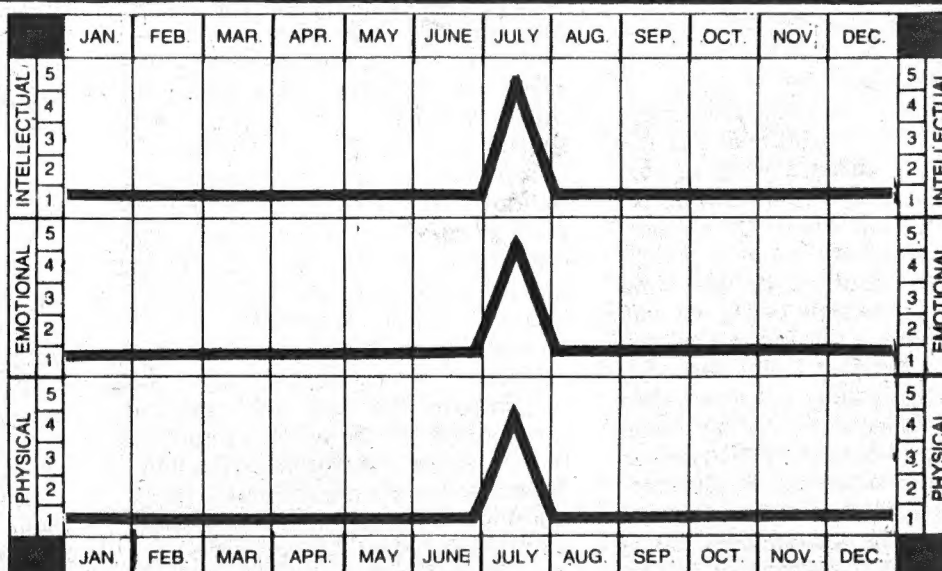
IT'S BETTER ANYTIME

Bio-dex by Clifford Irving

© Copyright 1977

Your computerized biorhythm

Dist. by Toronto Sun Syndicate



HOW TO USE YOUR CHART:

Locate your month of birth. If you aren't the fellow who slipped me \$500, you will find that by adding the three numbers, you come out dead. This is not good. Send money. And lots of it.

BIO-DEX READOUT:

0-5 Negative Cycle - You are in big trouble, fella. You are dead.

6-10 Neutral Cycle - There is no in-between. Either send me that money or else.

11-15 Positive Cycle - Good for you! Yo will live long and prosper. Next week's payment is due by Friday noon.

Everybody seems to think they can get something for nothing. This isn't the case with your Bio-Dex. If you want to make it through another day without the threat of death hanging over you, send that cheque (certified) or international money order in today. The life you save may be your own!

U. OF A. RAPE CRISIS INTERIM REPORT: PART ONE

RAPE CRISIS

A.G. Fierce, Professor,
Dept. of Paleozoology

Introduction

Our campus is in trouble. The reason is rape. That is the hard ugly truth. This essay is the first in a projected twelve-part series which seeks urgently for causes and solutions. Much has recently been written, but surprisingly little of a factual nature is known. There have been rumors, speculations, unconfirmed reports, charges and countercharges. There have even been hot debates over what exactly constitutes rape. These latter acrimonious exchanges, at least are needless; everyone knows in his heart what rape is, but what we need to know is the remedy for it. We need waste no more time on hair-splitting definitions of terms. We need action.

This, I suppose, is the place for acknowledgment of previous error. Some months ago I had cause to refer twice, slightly and with levity, to the crisis. It was then my contention that, before we can be said to have a rape crisis, we should first have at least one unequivocal instance of rape. Well, we now certainly have a sufficiency of instances, and there is nothing ambiguous about them; I therefore retract my words, born of folly and ignorance as they were, and, with spirit chastened and eyes opened, propose now to deal maturely and forthrightly with the raw fact of rape.

Historical Background

The seeds of our present crisis were sown, many now believe, several years ago. The sowing was simple and, at the time, unnoticed. Current theory has it (Garner and Blumensohn, 1977), that, when classes resumed in the fall of 1973, an unknown number of students and/or staff of the Faculty of Agriculture and Forestry unwittingly and innocently brought about the dire contamination. The seeds themselves, tiny and unobtrusive, lodged for a time in our colleagues' clothing (probably their trouser's cuffs), miniscule harvest-time detritus. For the time being, all was well; none had yet lodged in the earth. But inevitably the seeds of this most hazardous of grains were shaken loose — several of our more plausible commentators (Boychuk, 1978; see also Cowlick and Gundersen, p. 378 ff) make a strong case for pinpointing this actual seed/earth contact to the inception of 1974's Bar None celebration. Just how and when the infestation occurred are ultimately, of course, beside the point, and speculations concerning the how and the when are idle. The point is this: seed hit ground, and we were soon quite literally surrounded by rape. It proliferated with inconceivable rapidity, swiftly outstripping the dandelion which it somewhat resembles in hue, and soon had us in a grip of iron — or, if you prefer, gold. Truly, turn where now we might, we face the yellow peril.

Current Hazards and Liabilities

Before detailing our current peril, I must devote a line or two to that small group so apathetic or misguided, Professor Blaskovitz comes to mind here, as to defend rape on campus. Their arguments are of course as feeble as they are specious, but these nonetheless require sweeping aside, for they seem grounded in the putative aesthetics or utility of *Brassica campestris oleifera*. "It's pretty," they say, these deluded ones, "and the oil is valuable, and low in saturated fats; the rape itself is harmless."

"Pretty," possibly; "valuable," dubious; "harmless," most emphatically not. Following is a brief survey of brassicacious destructiveness.

Medical. It is widely held (see Gort and McMurdo, 1968; rev. ed.) and almost as widely acknowledged that many persons are allergic to rape. There is no need here to go into details about symptoms; generally, the sufferer seems likely to experience difficulty breathing, a feeling of congestion, and perhaps a slight vertigo. More serious than the direct rape allergies, however, are those occasioned by bee stings. It is common knowledge that some individuals are so sensitive in this regard that the sting of an otherwise innocuous honeybee (*Apis mellifera*) is to them as lethal as the bite of a king cobra (*Naja hanna*). Though no actual deaths (or even stings) from bees attracted to the rape blossoms have yet been reported, violent allergic reactions to bee stings must rank as potentially the deadliest corollary to campus rape.

Economic. To state the situation briefly: rape has preempted nearly every square centimetre of earth on campus, devastating all lawns. What this means in terms of dollars and cents no one has yet computed with any accuracy, although Blaskovitz (1978), ever a slick proponent for the status quo, has more or less arrived at the absurdly low damages figure of \$6.2 million. What Blaskovitz et al omitted from their calculations — purposely? I would hate to think so — is the obvious fact that all the University's lawn mowing equipment is of course now utterly obsolete. This machinery must somehow be quickly amortized. Also, while writing off \$2.8 million of this equipment (much of it newly purchased), the University must somehow find funds — Where? How? — for a fleet of harvesting equipment and must somehow as well train university staff in the maintenance and operation of this equipment. In such straits one finds oneself wishing that Professor Blaskovitz and those in his camp would for a change occupy themselves with the reality of the situation, rather than with the imagined need ingeniously to gloss over that situation.) The final cost? No one knows. But it will be staggering.

Socioecocultural. We have covered, then, in the superficial manner dictated by stringencies of space, the grave medical hazards posed by rape (Has anyone given thought to the inevitable blizzard of lawsuits from bee sting victims? Has anyone taken into account the skyrocketing of insurance premiums which will surely follow? HAS ANYONE? Have you, Blaskovitz?). In like manner we have skimmed over some of the more salient capital losses certain to be incurred soon. We have yet to touch, however, on what is certainly the worst rape threat of all: the very real and imminent possibility of the University's physical destruction.

Let us go back a bit. Why, we should ask ourselves, has rape proliferated so horribly here? We might have expected it to flourish; but not with such maleficent profuseness. In other areas it is safe enough. Indeed, many Alberta

— not for nothing do botanists and horticulturists shudderingly refer to it as "the suicide weed" and "the kamikaze plant" (see Gunderpantz, 1964) — must perforce wither and itself succumb. Then the dead soil will be left nakedly exposed to the elements. That is what rape does. THAT IS WHY IT IS CALLED RAPE.

Although rape is terrible, its absence, the absence of all vegetation, is ten times worse. Vegetation, of course, as every schoolchild knows, but as Blaskovitz has seemingly forgotten, his mind these days occupied by subjects far less wholesome than soil mechanics and far less fitting to a man of his years and academic stature — vegetation, I say, to put the case briefly, covers the soil. Thus vegetation — even the dreaded rape — prevents soil erosion by increasing soil infiltration rates, decreasing the kinetic energy of precipitation, and preventing dispersal of the soil surface. No



farmers, taking all the proper precautions (see, *inter alia*, U.S.D.A. bulletin #436, *passim*), have grown rape as a staple crop for years without serious mishap. Why, then, has this formidable and volatile grain so completely taken over the University of Alberta? Why, that is to say, is rape so rampant here? Milfred and Thrumbo (1977, 1978), the most informed and persuasive of those who have essayed an answer — who also by the way, utterly routed Blaskovitz and Hork (Jul./Aug., 1977) in the process of doing so — believe that it is this campus's unique combination of physical factors: annual sunlight, elevation, annual precipitation, prevailing winds, and soil (a light, rich, friable, solonchek chernozem, which have fortuitously combined to form an ideal environment — a literal hot-bed of rape.

The long-term consequences of this monstrous proliferation will be catastrophic. All our present woes are as nothing when compared with those to come. Hogadorn and Batfish (1978) have perhaps best indicated the writing on the wall. Briefly to summarize their findings and well-bolstered predictions: in a few short years the rape will exhaust our now fertile campus topsoil, leaching away all its nutrients and rendering it sterile. Then the rape itself, having ravished and devastated its own growth medium

vegetation, no soil. Instead, massive erosion: channeling, gullyng, duststorms, mudslides, rills, and, on high ground, potentially cataclysmic slumping. (Ever think of that, Professor B., in the heady course of your shameful and ridiculous dalliances?) Before 1985, according to those best in a position to know (see Whelk and Grunion, 1977), our campus will disappear slowly at first but then with geometrically accelerated swiftness, into the North Saskatchewan River. (Laugh that off, Blaskovitz.) This will occur soon. By the turn of the century or before.

Our predicament is directly analogous to that of the Australasians, whose coral reefs are being devoured at a sickening rate by the hideous *Acanthaster planci*, the huge and venomously warted "Crown of Thorns" starfish. Unless Australia can somehow stop this loathsome creature, it will, like a new Atlantis, disappear down under the trackless surface of the sea; unless the University of Alberta can somehow put a stop to rape, it will, like some ramshackle mining camp perched atop a crumbling bluff, vanish beneath the heedless purling ripples of the headlong stream. (In the drink, Blaskovitz! Understand? No warning, a deep, horripitating rumble more felt than heard, a terrible rush... and then? The Torii Complex is no more. Or Humanities and its precious tenants, the English

Department, gone. In their place, a raw gash in the hillside, rubble, broken and titillating young bodies strewn voluptuously down the slope, ravished, now, by the dark paramour. That is the legacy of campus rape.

An alarmist scenario? I only wish that it were. Freen (1977) takes a much bleaker view of things, and the prophetic Postlethwaite (1856) has yet to return from his sabbatical. No, I am not an alarmist. Far from it. I have, as Secretary of the Safe Campus Committee and Liaison Officer to the Academic Women's Association, simply read the chilling reports. An alarmist is the last thing I am — I, too, it will be recalled, once scoffed at campus rape — the last thing I wish to become. If that once honorable if never really eminent paleobotanist, who sought to brand me an alarmist, had spent as much time studying the documents of doom as he spent awarding high marks to his comelier students of easy virtue, he might by this time have come to an understanding of our plight. But he preferred concupiscence and slander. (When he shouted "alarmist" I patiently bore the reproach. When, however, this same glib paleobotanist began to assail my character, my personal integrity, and my sacred honor; when he began accusing me of the same foul and lubricious turpitude for which his bad name has long been a byword, and began calling into question my very sanity; when he leveled the finger of blame at me while at the same time trying to transfer from his coarse and brutal features to his soiled, clotted handkerchief the slimy smears of garish lipstick which are the foul residue of vanished virgin virtue, left like scarlet brands of reproach by those who came to learn about the ancient stamens and the pistils but who learned instead about the birds and the bees — or, should I say, the vultures and the hornets? — behind the locked door of his foetid office — sty; when, that is, and to be brief, besides jeering at my involvement in the Rape Crisis Program and all the attendant committees and subcommittees, this putrescent monster of hypocrisy and lust began trumpeting to the world the festering and purulent libels by which his hellish sins have become lodged like so many cancers in the vitals of my good name; then it became my right and my duty to reveal this troll, this squat and toadlike libertine, this glistening tub of pus and scum, this elderly malignancy whose concubinance outside some prison for the criminally insane is for me at least one of the age's great mysteries, for what he is: a liar and a dastard. A liar, Blaskovitz, and a dastard — sue and be damned.)

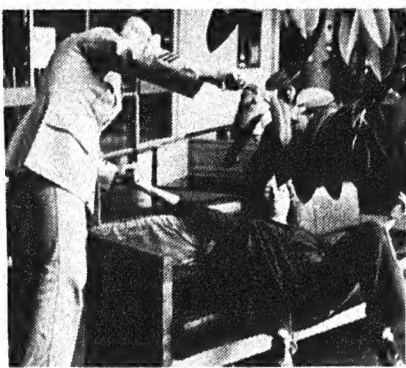
There. So much for Blaskovitz. Now, to sum up: the U. of A. campus, once verdurous and brilliant, is now deflowered, raped, doomed. What is being done to combat campus rape? Pitifully little. Those feeble measures presently in force are listed subadjacently.

Current Controls

Foot Patrols Perhaps the least effective of the stopgap rape control measures enforced by a desperate General Faculties Council are the campus Security foot patrols. Although Campus Security is in an intermediate stage between discarding the old "paramilitary" uniforms (and outfitting its staff with new, low-key, casual green suits, derision has been expressed in certain quarters I, Blaskovitz *et al.*) and concern in Torrey's quarters (Threeewood and it's lush, 1978) at their having been gilded with cumbersome pre-war

Rape! Oh god, oh god, oh god, another bloody CRISIS!!!

scythes, many women staff and students feel more secure than previously, knowing that the campus is aswarm with these stalwarts, their "friends in lincoln green," who, at the first sign of trouble, will be instantly on the scene — perhaps to restore a set of car keys to their distraught owner by mowing down with their trusty scythes, and thus disclosing the misplaced keys, a particularly rank and stubborn clump of rape.



Lights and Telephones

Equally good for morale (but, unfortunately, equally ineffective against rape) are the new lights and emergency telephones. Physical Plant has installed improved lighting, amounting to some 250 new fixtures in areas such as that from the Agriculture Building north to Saskatchewan Drive, 87 Avenue and 114 Street north to 89 Avenue, south of Rutherford Library, the Physical Education parking lot, the Central Quad, and Pembina walk. Although the actual value of blindingly bright street lighting as a deterrent to injury — a painful and dangerous fall, for example, or a twisted ankle, brought on by the treacherous and ever-increasing bursts of rape now shooting up through cracks in the pavement everywhere — is, to say the least, debatable, nevertheless, many women and students have commented that they feel considerably more secure walking to their cars or to the library than they did before the lighting was installed. Moreover, there exists at least the theoretical possibility that this dazzling noon-day glare may serve to deter, or at least inconvenience, the occasional midnight mugger alurk in a thick patch of rape. (At the close of my report I will return to this, the hidden or unconsidered danger of rape.) So the lighting has been worth the expense, as have the emergency telephones. These latter stand like sentinels, ever-ready to bring help and consolation for skinned knees, sprained ankles, bee stings and all the other traumas induced or initiated by rape.

Chemical Deterrents

Fortunately, rape responds to certain relatively sophisticated and recently developed poisons — poisons which may, some people argue (Furkitt, 1976, pp. 201-220), prolong the life of our campus for as much as ten years. There are of course those who scoff at herbicides, pinning their faith on the standard hoary placebos of increased lighting and foot patrols (see Logjam, 1977, *passim*), but these chemicals seem to offer our best hope for any effective rear-guard action. The six most potent now in regular use on the U. of A. campus are:

- *Difensoquat (Avenge/Cyanamid)
- *Trifluralin (Treflan/Elanco)
- *Asulam (Asulon/F-May & Baker)
- *Barban (Carbyne/Gulf)
- *Benzoylprop-ethyl (Endaven/Shell)
- *Dichlorofop-methyl (Hoe-grass/Hoechst)

When it is deemed safe to do so, Barban, and, with special approval, Endaven, can be mixed with 2-4-D or MCPA. The main problem, of course, is that with such deadly chemicals non-target organisms are also killed, and so the net effect is often as dire as that of the rape itself.

The Future

That, then, is the situation as of spring, 1978. Our campus is rife with rape. Our campus may, just possibly, with wise guidance, see the new century before succumbing to irreversible geologic forces set in motion by "the suicide weed," *B. campestris*, rape — brutal and hideous.

What are the chances of *alma mater* as we know her making it to the year 2000? *Slim*. Her chances are slim. According to my own researches and those conducted by Sabine and Ravish (1978; see graph), the university is almost as threatened by divisive forces within the governing elite of her senior professoriat, as by those natural forces over which our control is now negligible. There is, as I suggested earlier, the ever-raucous paleobotany clique, for example, which if not actually in the pay of outside and hostile interests (see McCarthy, 1958, and Fierce, Ravish, 1978), certainly behaves as though it were (Fierce, pp. 1-758 ff. and *passim*). The Neronian paleobotanists and their allies of the day or of the hour have consistently pooh-pooed the valid fears of others, played down the dangers, and generally behaved as though there were no tomorrow (see GFC minutes for the last five years, *passim*). Do these unprincipled men wish to hasten our campus's demise? One would hate to think so, yet one finds it hard to think otherwise.

And, as I hinted previously, there is one among them, their Machiavellian leader, who is lost utterly to common decency, so intent is he upon his own subversive political aggrandizement and the gratification of his own base pleasures. The treasonous Professor Blaskovitz, for it is of he that I speak, that smirking satyr, obsessed with raw sensuality and deanship, has consistently clogged the gears of action with reams of red tape (appropriate colour!), ensuring minimal response to the rape crisis and the concomitant destruction of our campus.

He has done worse. What, you may ask, could be worse than that? Just this: he has consistently and gleefully provided a hideous example to our campus youth. Campuses are brick and mortar, and may be rebuilt; the moral fibre of our young people, once rotted and frayed, can

never again be made whole. I say flat out that Gnorman G. Blaskovitz has actively debauched — O, infamous! — the young ladies of his classes (try to find one of them with a bosom over 32" and a paleobotany grade under 9). These poor, polluted girls (and, for all I know, boys) are then cast heartlessly aside to fend for themselves on our fast disintegrating and rape-infested campus.

He has done worse even than this. He has sought to divert attention from his vicious behaviour by loudly laying at my doorstep those crimes of which he and he alone is guilty! Certain smudged and revolting photographs, obviously falsified, nonetheless lent for a time a spurious credence to his charges, and even responsible ladies and gentlemen gave ear to his slanderous ravings. The tide, however, has turned, and now only the very credulous or very bored still grant him a hearing. I have established to everyone's satisfaction that the young lady and I were merely researching my seminal monograph, "The Possibilities for Concealment of the Human Form amidst Dense Growths of Rape (*B. Campestris*) in Late Summer" (1974). Besides, the young lady was a Safe Campus Committee member in good standing. Besides, she was over eighteen years of age at the time. Besides, she is my niece. Besides, there were no bruises or other evidence of violence (see *Province of Alberta vs. Fierce*, 1974). She's my niece and so were all the rest of them (see *Province of Alberta vs. Fierce*, 1974; 1975; 1976, July; 1976, Aug.; 1977, June; 1977, July; 1977, Aug.). All nieces, all over eighteen.



This monograph, a labor of love, discloses what may be the gravest hazard of them all, worse even than the risks to life and limb already documented, and worse even than the gradual disintegration of our campus: the possibility amounting perhaps to probability that during certain months our rape infestation will be taken advantage of by certain morally enervate persons who may hide themselves therein for purposes of lewdness.

And, finally, let me beg my readers' indulgence to leave them with a last cautionary note. There may be even more shame and infamy in store for our sweet mother than that brought down upon her head by the occasional immoral couple intent upon a quick "roll in the hay". There are, I suppose, worse crimes than intercourse. If a couple may lie sequestered in our high, thick, golden, aromatic and inviting infestation, then so may a lone assailant.

Does the reader apprehend my meaning? No? Then I will be explicit. I am contending forthrightly that, though such an outrage has not transpired in the University's history — yes, Blaskovitz, so cruel, I can hear you snigger moistly through your iridescent drool; I can see you lower slowly one troglodytic eyehood in a wink that's evil wholly, like a ghoul's — I am contending, I say, as one who knows the true value of maidenhood, that campus rape may one day lead to acts of violent sexual assault.

NEW HORIZONS: FASHIONS as far as they

fashion editor: Bunny Standon

Well, kids, it's another fashion season, and you're probably wondering what to wear. Trust me, I've been looking out for you — This year, petroleum is big on

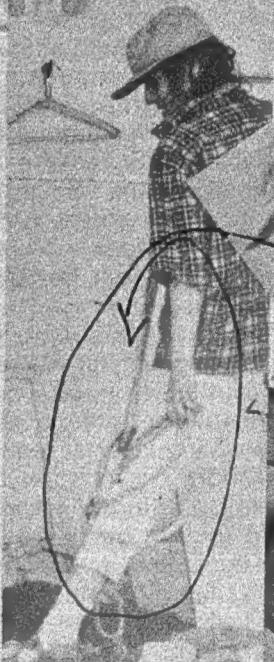
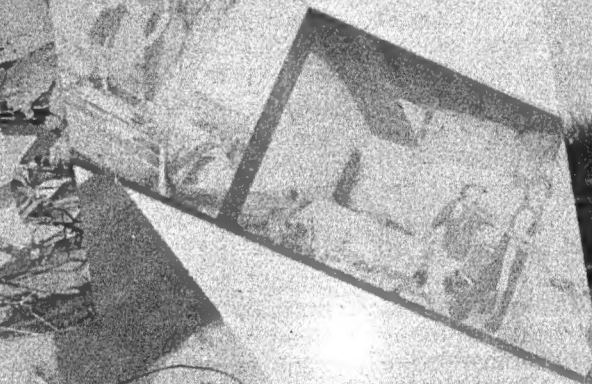
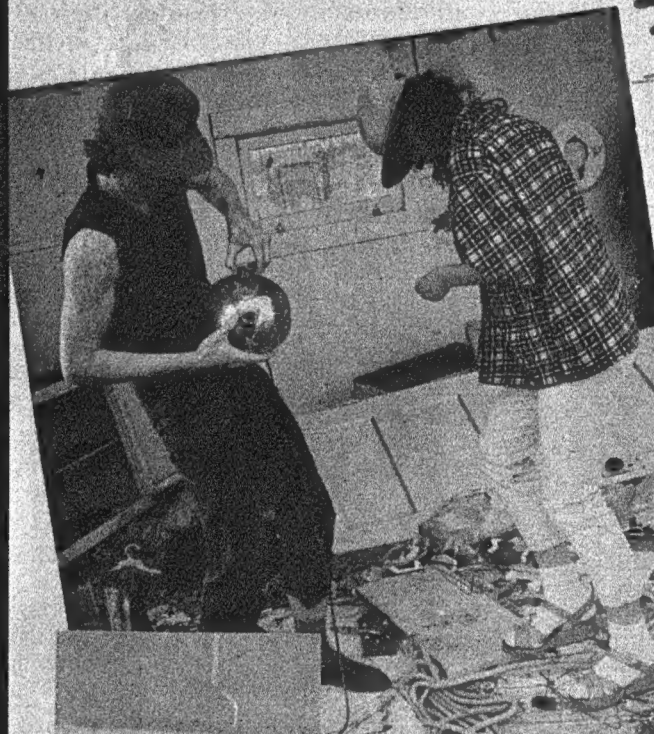
the market, and big on the fashion scene. Trust our designers to utilize our resources and help us feel a part of this great province!!

TRANSLATING the CULTURAL CRAZE- FOR CANADA:

FARM PUNK

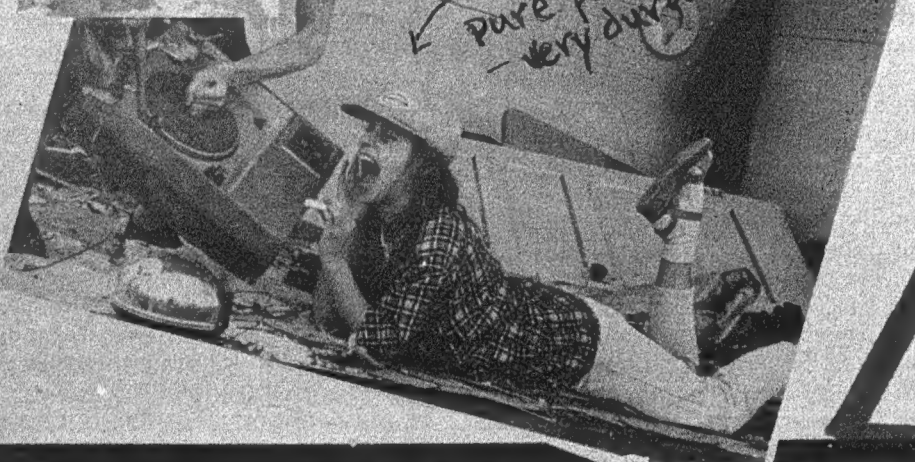
Doncha just get jealous about all those lucky punks in London & New York? Well, take a tip — we've got our own!!

Oh, it's so lonely on the Prairie — but you won't be lonely with this cute little BABA doll! Being Ukrainian is IN this year, and you can get hip in a progressive YEGREVILLE® nylon scarf — an essential for any smart dheuka!!!



Accessories are essential!!!

The caps are pure petroleum — very durable!

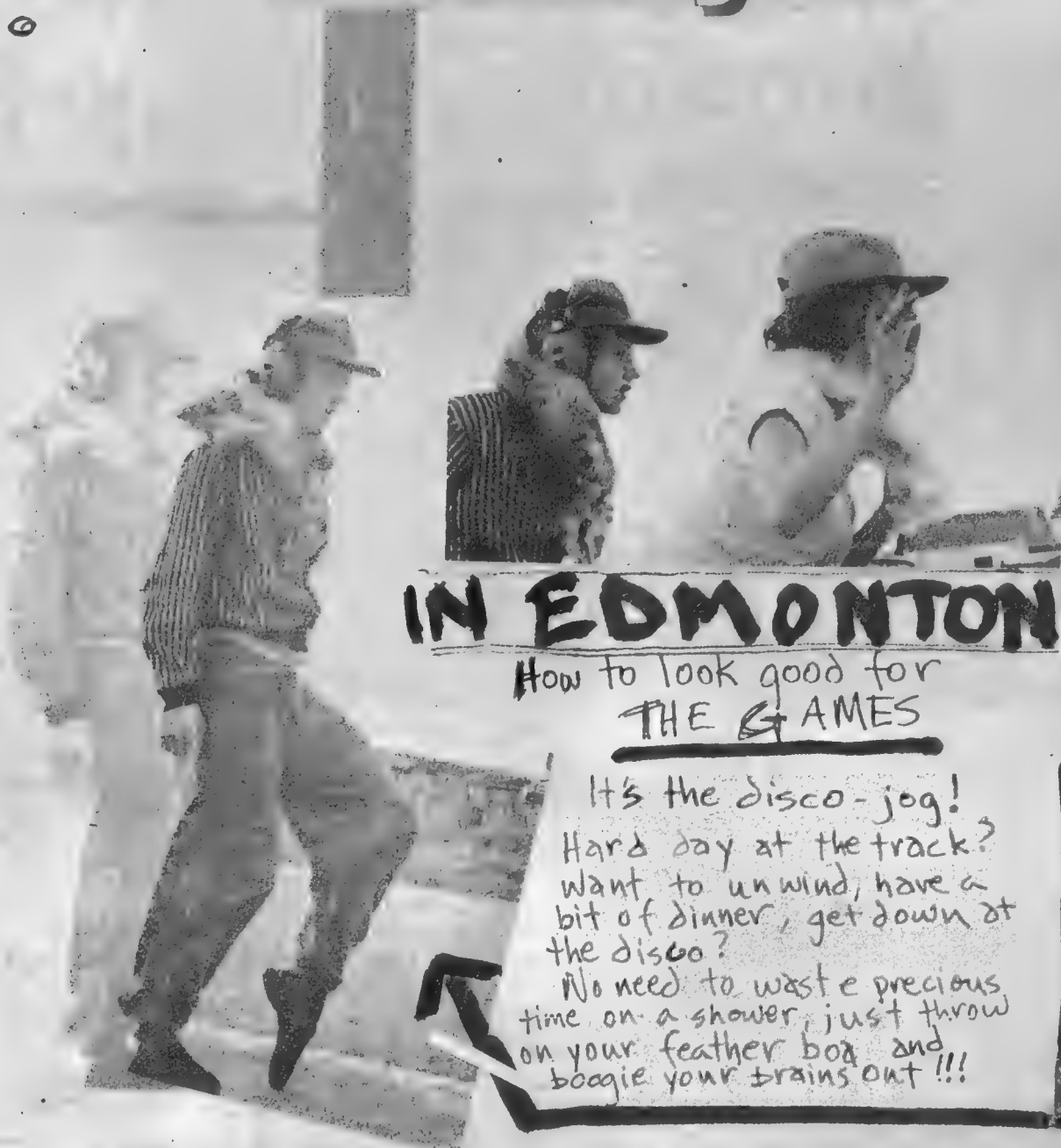


Where are they going?
Why?
Will they get there?
Is it worth it?
Whatever the answer
you know they'll be dressed for it!

this is a good thing to do for the future of the world.

Lifestyle

eye can see ...



IN EDMONTON:

How to look good for
THE GAMES

It's the disco-jog!
Hard day at the track?
Want to unwind, have a
bit of dinner, get down at
the disco?
No need to waste precious
time on a shower, just throw
on your feather box and
boogie your brains out !!!

Fashions for a DYING TOWN

this
jd
shop
fab
"go anywhere"
be from
petroleum
the bag?
it!
her!



Oh, no, Connie! It's spring on
the prairies again!
This year, go natural!
Go with the wind in this
smart "hay-jacket."
trés-practical!
trés-fashionable!

Entertainment

The 2nd annual Artsy-Fartsy Quiz

1. Name the most prominent work of art known as "Emperor".

- a.) Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto
- b.) Wallace Stevens' poem "Ice Cream"
- c.) Hadyn's String Quartet, op. 76, no. 3
- d.) Mighty Joe Young
- e.) a waltz by Johann Strauss II

2. What celebrated English detective novelist was also a Dante scholar?

- a.) P.M. Hubbard
- b.) Josephine Tey
- c.) Dorothy Sayers
- d.) A. Conan Doyle
- e.) Michael Innes.

2.ii. Name the detective on your own!

2.ii. Name one work by Dante on your own!

2.iii. As you can see, life isn't all multiple choices.

- a.) true
- b.) false
- c.) It depends.

3. Which of the following had a Blue Period?

- a.) Joan Miro
- b.) Mia Farrow
- c.) The Moody Blues
- d.) Pablo Picasso
- e.) Billie Holliday
- f.) Little Boy Blue (remember stanza 4!)

4. Who is the incandescent lead singer of "Renaissance"?

- a.) Annie Hall
- b.) Ann Radcliffe
- c.) Annie Haslam
- d.) Anne of the Indies
- e.) Anne of the Thousand Days
- f.) Anne of Green Gables

5. Who was the incandescent lead singer during the Renaissance ?

- a.) Eleanor of Aquitaine
- b.) Caterina Sforza
- c.) Diana of Poitiers
- d.) St. Teresa of Avila
- e.) Anna Comnena

6. Sylvia Plath, the blazingly intense American

'confessional poet' married another Significant Poet who was mean to her. Name him.

- a.) Robert Lowell
- b.) Ted Hughes
- c.) Al "Push" Purdy
- d.) Yvor "Tuffy" Winters
- e.) Stephen "Slapper" Scobie

f.) Carl Sandburg
g.) Coventry "Meanie" Patmore

7. How mean?

- a.) pretty mean
- b.) you wouldn't fuckin' believe how mean!
- c.) awful — really awful
- d.) it's all relative (he being her husband!)
- e.) No meaner than most — I mean that's how they all really are, the bastards.
- f.) Who cares? It's the laws that have to be changed, not assigning guilt to some sick slob.

8. Plath's autobiographical novel *The Bell Jar* was originally published under what pseudonym?

- a.) Stevie Smith
- b.) Joyce Carol Oakes
- c.) Florida Prayze
- d.) Anonyma
- e.) Victoria Lucas
- f.) Ouida

9. Who had the unmitigated gall to turn our beloved *Hamlet* into a trivial opera?

- a.) Ambroise Thomas
- b.) Humphrey Searle
- c.) Gioacchino Rossini
- d.) Benjamin Britten
- e.) Igor Stravinsky

10. What great English novel opens with the following riveting sentence? "On an evening in the latter part of May a middle-aged man was walking homeward from Shaston to the village of Marlott, in the adjoining Vale of Blakemore of Blackmoor."

- a.) Adam Bede
- b.) Tess of the d'Urberrilles
- c.) Melmoth the Wanderer
- d.) Our Mutual Friend
- e.) Esther Waters
- f.) The Egoist
- g.) Of Human Bondage

11. What not quite so great but nevertheless estimable English novel — and one fully worthy of research, which could lead to a Ph.D., an assistant professorship, published articles, tenure, and office-hours which needn't interfere with one's squash or raquetball — begins with this sentence? "There are decisions of the judgement which, though not suggested by more than ordinary intellect, will stand the scrutiny of superior wisdom, and to which nothing can be fairly objected but that they occurred too late to be of any use: had they presented themselves in the shape of foresight rather than as matters of experience, they might have saved us from error; but now, reflexion and regret are 'mere loss of time and hindrance of business.'"

- a.) Meredith's *Sandra Belloni*
- b.) Laetitia-Matilda Hawkins' *The Countess and Gertrude*
- c.) George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*
- d.) Mary Charlton's *The Wife and the Mistress*
- e.) Fanny Burney's *Camilla*
- f.) J. Sheridan LeFanu's *Uncle Silas*
- g.) Anne Bronte's *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*.

12. The curious nickname for one of Beethoven's greatest trios is:

- a.) Marmaduke
- b.) Marmalade
- c.) Archduke
- d.) Arch of Triumph
- e.) archy et mehitabel.

13. If Tom Robbins is really the hottest new novelist around, why isn't he in this quiz?

- a.) Cause he's a real slice, not some boring Nobel prize winner who's mummified, and you quiz-masters will never understand where he's at.
- b.) He's an interesting young writer but not top-flight
- c.) How could someone who wrote *The Betsy* and *Carpenterbaggers* be taken seriously?
- d.) Judicious as you obviously are he's probably excluded because you have to stop somewhere.
- e.) Maybe for the same reason there aren't any Canadian questions included: you're a smug snob who equates 'culture' with what you know that others don't.
- f.) God, I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking, I didn't mean it, can I take it back?
- g.) No, I've had enough of these snide remarks. I quit. Write your own vacuous quiz.

answers on p. 16 →

English Department: "Don't call us, we'll ... uh, we'll ... um ..."

Vacuous but not vacant

by Claudius Herbert

At a meeting held last Thursday English Professors voted to cease contribution to the U of A academic staff pension fund. Department Chairman Roland Anderson said only that "the fund is redundant."

A *Uni Sun* reporter, disguised in fake paunch, glasses, beard and pipe discovered the basis for this statement after infiltrating the U of A's notorious Faculty Club on Friday night. The granting of tenure confers not mere job security but in fact the more valuable gift of eternal life upon the recipient. Upon receiving his "tenure mark", a mole-like spot over the left eye the professors gains access to English Central, the hidden repository where the correct critical

opinions are preserved for the ages, and to arcane alchemical processes which have been passed down in the profession since the Middle Ages. Kissing a secret area beneath the tail of the legendar

dary "Mr. D." or "Great Chairman" the initiate swears to cover his tenure mark from all but other initiates and to keep the secret of eternal tenure forever.

In discussion with department members it was, however, revealed that tenure is closely linked to certain arcane rites which staff must undergo once every seven years called sabbaticals. Usually the rites, which require the implantation of ball-like objects known as cojones, take place in quaint rented cottages near Cam-

bridge, England. Commonly a full year of ale drinking and obscene cavortings is required to restore full professorial vigour. Cojones, once indigenous in England, are now rare there and must

be obtained by a new process whereby they are removed from Ph.D. candidates before their oral exams and transplanted into needy professors.

These professors seem to feel that their great age is an invaluable aid to the critical process. When world renowned T.S.Eliot expert John Struldbrug was asked if his radical new insights into the famous poet were fostered by a personal acquaintance he replied "personal acquaintance! I'll have you know I was the original hollow man!"

Dr. M.L. (Papa) Ross when asked if his relationship with Ernest Hemmingway were similarly intimate, replied, "did I know the man well? Listen pal, how well do you know yourself?"

At this point several other Professors entered the discussion among whom several, including J.Orell, N. Page, and J. Merino, claimed to have written Shakespeare's plays.

Objectively viewed the longevity situation can't help but be of benefit to U of A students. In the absence of resignations and further hirings, the permanency of the Department threatens to surpass, say, the longevity of the tectonic plates upon which our continent and ultimately the U of A campus rests. Professors have a

chance to become really familiar with the views of their peers and to carry on into the mists of time the traditions and eternal truths of which they are now the guardians without interference by the squeakings and gibberings of mere mortals. As such, most classified as petty rumours (no doubt spread by undergraduates) babblings which hint that the intellect of these immortals has not been preserved with their noble carcasses, and that, with ever advancing age they become ever more, prone to querulousness, repetitive maunderings, random ejections of spittle and an amnesia which causes them to forget anything more recent than the publication of *The Wasteland* in 19.... as that — petty rumours.

This is my culture ... ahem ... it is mine ... ahem ... my culture is ...

BY P. Postlethwaite-Ffynche
and Winnifred P. Fenwick

Art at the U of A: anathema or reality? Canadian art and literature - McClelland and Stewart have reassured us of its emergence beyond a shadow of a cynical apprehension - but what of Alberta? Taking the U of A campus as a promising area of investigation, we resolved to answer the question definitively. It was with the joy of an explorer coming upon new worlds never before viewed by the human eye that we discovered the presence of burgeoning Art in the hearth of campus. Below, its content and development is described in order that the depth and detail of the culture that is so uniquely ours may be understood.

The early 70's saw the rise of a vital new Art Concept across North America. 20th century understanding of line, form, shape, ketchup, perspective, space and color attained new heights of clarity. In the simplicity of knowledge, Minimal art was born.

It's three dimensional expression is typified by imposing blocks of metal lovingly molded into delicate cubes and triangles. Situated strikingly in unusual spatial relationships to each other, generally in an open-air environment, these blocks are the very essence of Minimal Art.

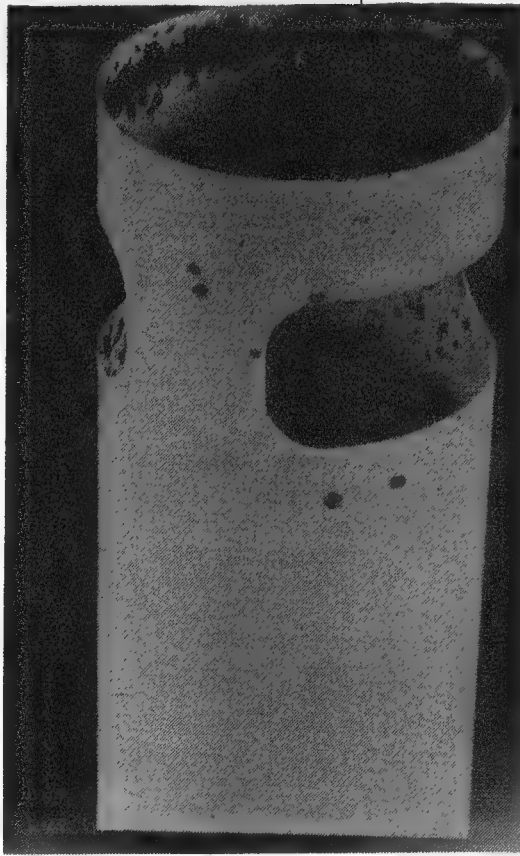
Their message is clear: incoherent boredom.

The U of A, ever eager in its quest for comprehension and mediocrity, gullible in its breathless prairie approach to commercial art marketing techniques and always willing to fork our countless thousands to enhance the quality of every nook and cranny of its campus grounds, leapt nimbly onto the bandwagon, by purchasing numerous Minimal sculptures.

Dotted, as they now tastefully are, around such prominent campus gathering places as the northwest corner of the Humanities car park, MinArt sculptures have initiated a revolution in all fields of campus design endeavour.

Struck by the stunning purity of the Minimal concept, the university administration switched into high gear. Rumor has it that after the initial installation of several sculptures, all-night meetings occupied top university officials for weeks. The thrill of the Minimal throbbed so deeply in their collective bosom, that they were obsessed with the desire to transform the entire campus into a monument to the new Form.

Careful planning - both financial and political - was in order...and it paid off. Within a matter of months, the U of A stood proud in its new-found glory. A series of minor alterations had made it: the Minimal testimony. At every turn now, the clear line, unpretentious dimensions and smooth texture of MinArt confronts the student.



These two forms - one interior and one exterior - illustrate the universal application of Minimal design. The strength of purpose in the cone of both statue and garbage can combines effectively with their sensitive curves, modifying the initial severity.

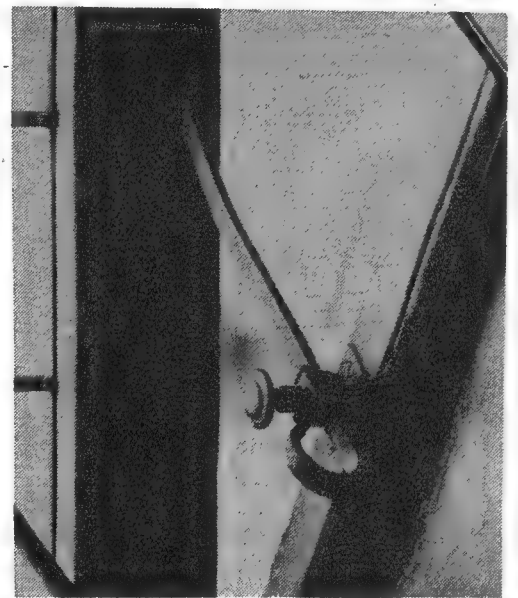
Visual additions to this expose illustrate the far-reaching extent to which the Minimal has been introduced into our daily life on campus.

In 1978, a number of students, somehow dissatisfied with the Minimal statement, began looking to the newly flourishing Realist school of expression for an outlet.

The essence of Realism lies in its minute reproduction of living detail, in its fanatic adherence to visual exactitude.

Transforming the concept to their needs, students are utilizing materials most readily available to them in order to express the realities they are in the process of experiencing, ever facing poverty and material deprivation, students can always be sure of access to one medium: their bodies. Interpretation of their world is primarily conveyed through this masterful means of personalized expression.

Developments over the past few years have shown the U of A to be, in its own way, a true center of the Creative Art Movement (CAM). Whither now? Unpredictably being the essence of the present art age, perhaps the surest answer to the question lies in an evasion. We cannot know. Let the future decide.



Comment is superfluous. The exquisite balance between the small, almost obscured wooden slat in the extreme left area and the rest of the composition makes explicit in the ultimate Minimal concept of form as content.



The dexterity with which perspective, line, and volume are manipulated in this spatial composition indicates the truly masterful plan of the university administration. Anywhere else, this scene would be reduced to mere hatrack and windowpane.

Probably one of the best examples of Body-Realism (BR) produced recently at the U of A. Declaring themselves at one with the stolid and inanimate, students adopt the posture of antiquated lamp-posts in order to commune with their fellow objects' experience.

LaFleur Comes out of Closet

by Brian Anitas

The sports world and the entire nation are in turmoil today following a series of startling revelations concerning les Canadiens' talented scorer Guy LaFleur. Canadiens' management has been silent since the starry winger entered the hospital several days ago, saying only that he was undergoing an operation which might terminate his playing career. Reporters who were able to gain brief access to the hospital reported seeing a glimpse of the peerless pointgetter with a large bandage over his entire abdominal area, and the story was that he might have suffered a hernia.

In the last couple of days, however, the lid has begun to lift on a scandal which threatens to destroy hockey and rend the moral fabric of the country. Speculation was first aroused when fans noted the growth of strange protruberances on the chest of our nation's outstanding athlete. When asked about what sportscribes assumed to be a new piece of hockey equipment Guy grinned coyly and said "it's just a new style, you know? Perhaps by next spring everyone will be wearing them and scoring sixty goals like me." We now know that Guy LaFleur has undergone an operation which has transformed him from a wiry, athletic symbol of our nation's manhood into a poised, svelte, elegant young woman. The new equipment was nothing less than a pair of size thirty-eight, firmly jutting, nifty-nippled silicone based tits.

The sex change was apparently prompted by LaFleur's feeling that his talents were wasted in the hockey world. Guy's new love is the more artistic life of the figure skater. It seems that though Canada has lost a hockey player it has gained a skating team of international stature. Rumour has it that next season's ice capades will see the unveiling of a scintillating new pair, Cranston and LaFleur.

Meanwhile scores of other N.H.L'ers are reputed to be "coming out of the locker room." The reaction of fans has been catastrophic. In Atlanta the locals have burned the arena to the ground refusing to permit what they consider public displays by "a bunch of goddam pansies in garters and stockings." In Quebec city the sale of figure skates has skyrocketed, while shin pads and jock straps are a glut on the market. A father in Moosomin, Saskatchewan has reputedly slain his son with his own hands driven by the fear that the youth, already in midgets, would become a hockey homosexual. He heard the boy's friends referring to him as a "goal-suck." Alberta Premier Lougheed has banned the playing of hockey as a game "morally degrading for our province's youth."

Remarkably enough, only one player has had the courage to speak out about hockey homos. That man is Tiger Williams of the Leafs, with whom the *UniSun* has had the great good fortune to hold an exclusive telephone interview with.

UniSun: Gee, Tiger, I can't tell you how grateful we are that you're giving us this interview.

Tiger: Stuff it, you little faggot. What in the hell are you trying to butter me up for? Next thing you know you'll be askin' me out to the ballet and breathin' in my ear. I know what you guys are like.

UniSun: Yeah, uh...when did you first know for certain that Guy, shall we say, played both wings.

Tiger: There was this night in the forum. I caught him with this butt end, you know a real kidney cruncher. He was just lyin' there on the ice, I thought he might get up and take a swing at me, eh? But instead he just rolled those big eyes of his with the long lashes, lookin' like the pupils of the wounded fawn I bagged with a bazooka last fall, and said "do it again you Tiger, you" in that husky soprano of his. After that I stayed away from him. Didn't want to pick up the germs you know. Happens all the time.

UniSun: Did you have any suspicions before?

Tiger: Sure. Hell he's just like the rest of them. I knew it even when I was just a kid. All that kissin' after they won the Cup. Christ, men don't do that kind of stuff.

UniSun: You mean he's not alone?

Tiger: Hell no. All them Canadiens is fags. Where you been all these years kid?

UniSun: You can't be serious. Not every player on the team?

Tiger: Don't horseshit me buddy. I don't take any crap from little smartass college Nancies like you. Ahh, but now that I think of it, one of em ain't. That Bouchard. You guys figured they named him "Butch" after his old man? Fat fuckin' chance. She's no fag, she's the biggest meanest dyke I ever played against. That's one tough momma.

UniSun: What about the other teams. Are there other gay players in the league?

Tiger: Is Harold Ballard a necrophiliac? Is the sky blue? Sure, lots of 'em. Clarke, Leach, Perrault, Martin, Robert, Esposito, Cashman. They all stick together. The

best teams in the league are full of 'em. You can't get anywhere in this league if you ain't queer. Mind you it can wreck a team too. Look at Sanderson, got so upset he jumped leagues when Phil jilted him. He shoulda known Phil and Bobby Orr were tight as two peas in a pod at the time.

UniSun: You mean Bobby Orr. Wow, all the greats just like Tchaikovsky, E.M. Forster, Proust, Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde, Alexander the Great, Bismark and Louis Armstrong.

Tiger: You don't know what the fuck you're talkin' about. I

never even heard of half them guys. Must play in the Central Pro League. Hell that Alexander ain't no good, he barely made the Leafs.

UniSun: Any other famous players?

Tiger: You heard of Rocket Richard and that riot in the forum? The Rocket socked that ref for makin' eyes at Jean Beliveau. That old bastard Campbell should have understood. You know where Jean got all that class? Playin' two years of field hockey for a girl's finishing school in northern Vermont. Ain't that a zinger?

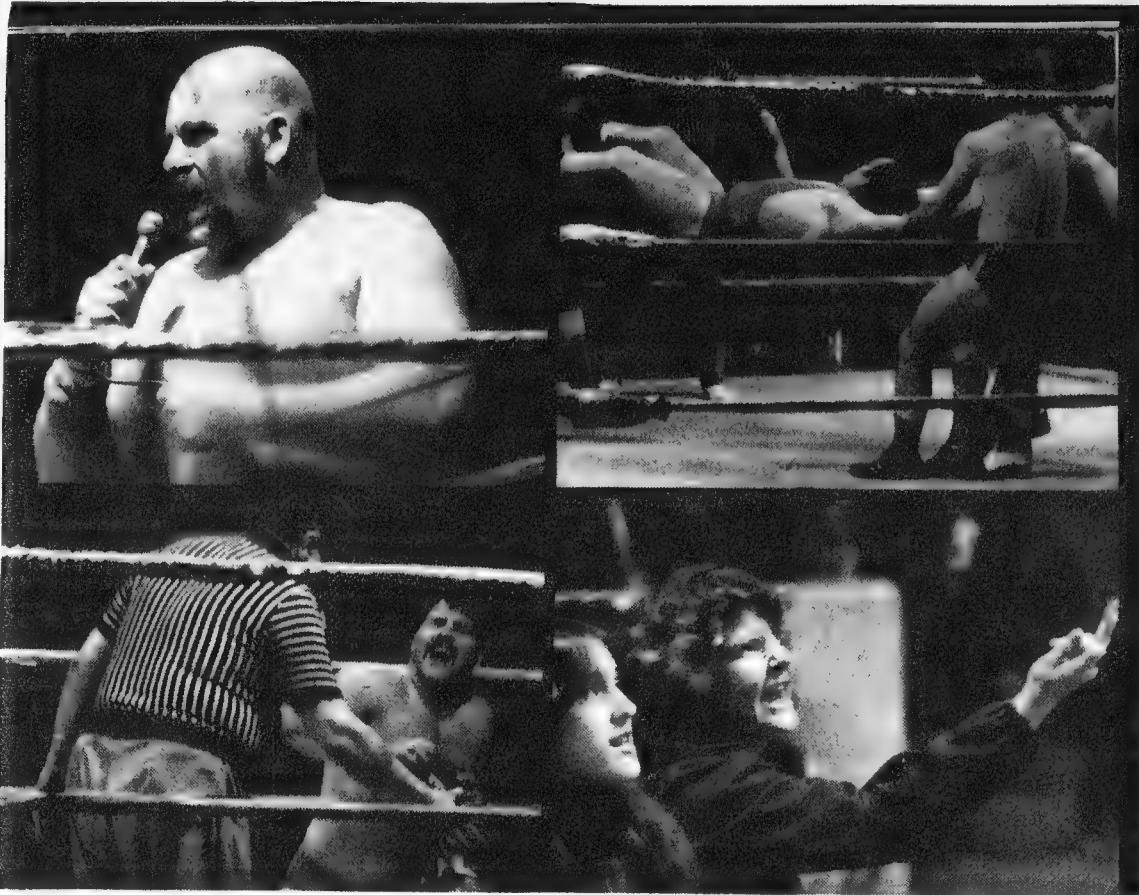
UniSun: And how!

Tiger: You guessed it. What can you expect from a guy who came from Floral, Saskatchewan. The whole town was gay. They called it Floral 'cause it was full of pansies, you ain't heard the half of....

Due to the seizure of the rest of the interview by forces acting in the interests of national security we are unable to present the remainder of it. Ed.



The Turning Point. LaFleur reflects on her days as scoring whiz, while looking ahead to a stellar career in figure skating.



Clockwise top left: I am the greates; Happy Birthday Ruco; bullshit I didn't hit him with my hammer; Screw you fat bums.

by Big Bo and the Loop

Big Time Wrestling

the ultimate super duper final yearend typesetter corrections take 3459687023

Everyone was talking about it. Posters were all over the campus. Sports announcers were discussing it. Last Saturday, big-time wrestling had finally come to the U of A. "I don't believe it," said Ed. Z. Bimbo, Athletic Director at the U of A; "I don't believe in the student response. All year, we tried to provide entertaining football, basketball and hockey games; sports where we like to spend lots of student money. We tried to give them cake, for we know they have bread. Although everyone thinks students are apathetic and quillible; they are a smart bunch. They know a good deal when they see one. Our Athletic Department has felt guilty of not trying to help lesser known sports. I hope tonight's wrestling presentation will promote our intentions in changing the situation and provide some sort of entertainment before the Final Exams."

If Saturday's crowd was any indication, he has nothing to worry about. While 5000 raving fans were packed in the Main Gym, hundreds of people had to be turned away. Even former graduates and alumni were present, sporting university jackets and pennants. This was a night everyone was going to remember.

In the first event, a "Battle Royal" was staged for the supremacy of the Students'

Council title. All sorts of bureaucratic hopefuls were intent on winning the coveted award. And a battle it was going to be for the top positions. Various contestants grappled with each other in front of the bored fans. But it was the last fall in the even that caught everyone's attention.

"Stunned Man" stood in center ring, a big smile on his face. His match was only minutes old, but so far the bout was all his. His opponent shook his head in frustration, growing desperate for something to do. He then eye-gouged "Stunned Man". "Stunned Man" tried to shake away the pain. He lashed out with a punch of his own; two quick chops brought down the opponent. The fans cheered the victory. Back in his dressing room, "Stunned Man" wore a wide grin. He spoke quietly with a deep voice; "I love the fans. Aren't they magnificent? I love these engineering fans. When they cheer you on, it gives me a grand feeling of accomplishment. I value the friendship of these fans. They know top talent when they witness it. They love class and me, 'Stunned Man' have it."

The next few events were real crowd pleasers. Various different religious and political deniagogues and creeps at the U of A fought to the delight of the fans. The fans went wild; screaming and

hollering. Some were even throwing objects into the ring. Fans were trying to release their frustration by shouting profanities and religious slurs — everyone was in a state of euphoria.

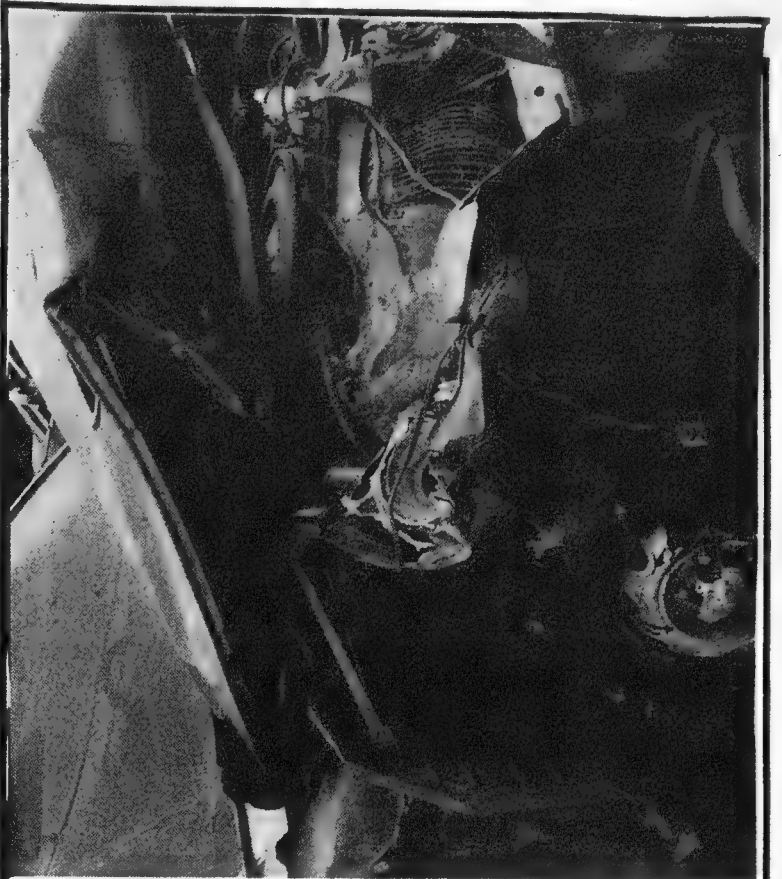
As the action got fast and furious, the crowd grew more restless chanting "We want the midgets, we want the midgets." Ring announcer and entertainer "Chuckles" Smoizer announced to the crowd before the final event that the "Mental Midgets" (Peter Loghead and Bert Hohum) would not be present. Due to their commitments at the House, they had to deal with student encounters for the one hundredth time.

Everyone was waiting for the final event. The young wrestler, Joe Student, was extremely nervous. A look of fear was etched on his features; drops of perspiration showed on his forehead. His mouth quivered, trying to smile. Then he heard the loud boos as Big Government made his way towards the ring. He heard the boos, the jeers, and screams. The vicious Big Government was smiling now; the smile took on a sardonic, almost heinous appearance. Big Government was hoping to use his famous "Financial Squeeze". The crowd was incensed, showering the ring with garbage and profanities. But the boos of

the fans seemed to unnerve Big Government. The fans taunted Big Government, but he just kept smiling his evil grin. But Joe Student slowly got his strength back, he lashed out with various punches, chasing Big Government out of the ring. Big Government was disqualified for not meeting its obligations in the ring. Said the jubilant Joe Student,

"When the fans cheered me, it gave me the strength to continue, to do better. Those cheers pushed me to give my best to pull out the victory. I pray the fans will always cheer me on."

It was a successful night. Everybody left the University happy, knowing that the good guys always and that Saturday night wrestling at the U of A was here to stay.



Kamikaze Driving

Gads Goodzookd; they've really done it now. In response to the lustful cries of the violent hungry sports fans around the world, a new league has been formed called the Kamakazie Demolition Derby, where the combatants play to death, and the winner is the one whose car can still be recognized after the dynamite goes off. Oh, didn't I tell you about the 88 kilos of TNT is put into the trunk of every car, and the five litre cans of gas that are tied to the front bumpers to make things that much more interesting? Now, the term "Going out in a blaze of glory" will be worked to death by the sports writers assigned to cover this grisley spectacle.

Already the finalists have been chosen for the big smash off, and if things go as planned, the "World Kamakazie League" will open in 18 cities next year. The hotbed of talent lies in the ranks of the taxi drivers of Montreal, Canada, and Tokyo, Japan. Some of the most feared drivers in the world are out there the streets now, and, as one

official put it, "Thank God we finally found a way to get these nuts off the streets. I guess that proves that if ABC TV puts up five million for the television rights, we could hold a square dance contest using toads, and no one would care."

Fans get to run on the field after the big blast, and collect pieces of the cars to take home and put in their d's. Once there was even a winner to autograph the stuff, but the died later in hospital of an undiagnosed muffler that was stuck in his lower back...

The main problem with the league seems to be that the parking problem triggers mass demolition derbys by spectators after the game, and a spokesman for Ford Motor Company, who sponsors the event, stated, "Yea, isn't that great, Mel?"

Next season, the owners are thinking of strapping mother-in-laws to the bumpers of each auto, and early reports seem to indicate that it will be a sell-out event.

See you at the track, sports fans. And remember, drive carefully.

**NORTHEAST
LIGHTRAIL
TRANSIT
LINE**

 Edmonton transit

ON TRACK, APRIL 23, 1978

We've done it again, Edmonton! Canada's first Light Rail Transit Line won't open on time because somebody forgot the keys back in Dortmund. Sure, we're on track, but we'll just be sitting there until somebody finds a way to start these things. Anybody got a coathanger?



GEDDES SUFFERS HEART ATTACK

The Board of Governors at the university announced today that Eric Geddes, head of the Board and a long-time Edmonton Eskimo fan, suffered a heart attack last night while watching the popular television program, *Faith For Today*.

Mr. Geddes, who has had a long reputation as a man with deep-set eyes and a rather pointy nose, is recovering in University Hospital, but it will be some time before doctors can determine the extent of his injury.

Harry Gunning, retiring president at the university, said "I'm shocked and saddened to learn of this attack. While Mr. Geddes and I have not seen eye to eye on many issues, he was still one hell of a poker player." should be done with Mr. Geddes' position.

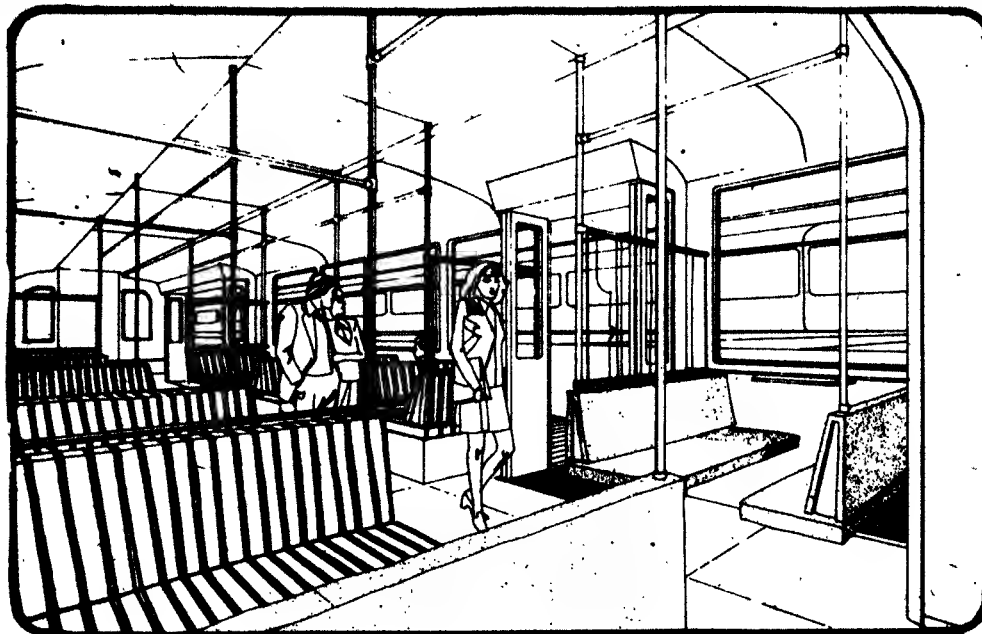
**Murder,
Death,
Mutilation...**

The Board of Governors is seeking submissions from interested citizens as to what

Demarais charged with murder

(CP) BAYE MURPHEY, P.Q. — A man is being held in custody after police stumbled across the remains of fourteen people in a St. Jerome discotheque.

Paul Demarais, president of Power Corporation and a man with zippity-billion bucks, was charged with the murder of everyone who liked him. He told police that he had been too busy making 'whole bunches of money' to bother stabbing and jumping on his friends, but RCMP officers caught him in the act. Mr. Demarais, who now has no friends, enjoys drinking Dubonnet.



The Rapid Transit system cost over \$68 million, so you can rest assured that Edmonton Transit made every effort to spend that money efficiently. Over \$20 million alone went towards moving the Centennial Library five feet west. Another \$10 million was spent replacing windows in Century Place when a LRT train accidentally ran into the underground car parkade there and jolted the building's foundations.



RAPID TRANSIT - Working To Spend Money.

Edmonton transit

ARTSY-FARTSY QUIZ ANSWERS

1. All but d. are called "Emperor" as proper or nickname. Mighty Joe Young is often called Mr. and frequently Sir, but not Emperor. The most widely known is the Strauss, the most sublime by Hadyn. You'll have to get over wanting simple answers.

2. c.) Sayers' detective: Lord Peter Wimsey. For Dante, the Italian Literature specialist at Rutherford's Reference Desk will be happy to verify your title.

2.iii.c.)

3. d.)

4. c.)

5. When will you realize that whole epochs can't be perused as though they were Juno award winners? Stop reading *People* and *Us*, and get into ideas and issues.

6. b.)

7. b.)

8. e.)

9. a.) and b.) remember, life is full of complexities.

10. b.)

11. b.) You really thought you'd get it, you who didn't quite understand "The Light That Failed" and who can only do half the crossword puzzle in *Canadian Cub Scout Quarterly*?

12. c.)

13. d.)

We're big on counter intelligence.

At the Force, we put our biggest emphasis on service. We believe that our success in Canada and around the world is due largely to the way we treat our spies.

Each time you walk up to an officer, whether it's at a major airport, downtown or in the suburbs, you will be greeted and served by people whose business it is to ensure that you get behind the wheel of the car and head straight for the border — with a minimum of delay.

Our people are friendly and fast. They'll have your charges, as long as you've committed a crime, and they'll direct you to a clean, reliable cell.

You see, we're not just intelligent in Parliament. Behind the scenes the RCMP citizen care program ensures that our records are serviced as well as our spies. In fact, if you look at that tag on the rear-view mirror, you'll see how thorough we are — it's actually a bug!

We at the Force simply say what we've been saying from the beginning. We spy harder. We always have and we always will.

We concentrate on clandestine operations because we think it's the intelligent thing to do.

It also keeps you coming back to our prisons.



RCMP

We spy harder.



The Loughheids

(Created and Written by Peter Birnie)

MEET



The Sawchuks

(Created & Written by Ted Ferguson)

Carol Sawchuk left the fire in the woodstove and stepped out into the dew-soaked morning to draw water. She leaned over the rainbarrel briefly — just long enough to catch a blur of soft skin and blonde hair under a morning sky and evergreen, before she dipped her cup into the water, scattering the image.

She turned, startled. Beyond the yard was a meadow, and beyond the meadow a forest, and at the edge of the trees, in the morning mist, stood a lean, young stag. He stood solid in the mist, not more than a hundred yards from her, his small velvet-covered antlers protruding, his brown coat shimmering in the morning light.

"Hello, fella," Carol said. The stag wheeled about and bounded back into the forest in a mayhem of snapping wood and pounding hoof.

She shrugged, stepped back into the kitchen with her pot of rainwater, and began breakfast.

Her brother entered the room. "Morning, sis. Glad to be back?" he said softly.

"Glad? Christ, of course I'm glad. Glad as can be! I mean, this farm is where it's all at, right?" She busied herself fixing porridge. "I saw a stag across the meadow by the lake this morning."

"What did he want?"

"Same thing that everybody who comes here wants — sanctuary. Escape from the bullshit. You're here I'm here, the stag is here." She stirred hurriedly, head bent, not looking at her brother.

"How much porridge are you making? You want me to call the kids?"

"No," said Carol, "let them sleep."

"Do you want to talk?"

"No. There's nothing to say. Eat, Stan — eat."

She sat across from him

in a shaft of light that sparkled through the dirty window, silhouetting her so he couldn't see her face. The meal steamed into the morning air. They ate in silence. All that could be heard were the noises of the land in springtime; the wind creeping across the plain stirred by the hills, and trees, the dusty timbers of the old farmhouse creaking with age.

"Look, sis, we've got to talk — you know what's happening here. I spoke to Sam Wood yesterday. He wants our farm."

"Father said as much in the last letter he sent me in the city."

"We've got to talk."

"So talk, goddamn it, talk! What do we do to save the farm? We need seventeen thousand to pay back debts, the land is bad, nothing grows anymore. Are you going to stay here and baby this land when father's gone? If you are, then you tell me what has

got to be done to save it!"

"You were in the city. Did you talk to Dale? He has money."

"He doesn't think we should try to hang on to the old place."

"He what? Why he grew up here! What do you mean he doesn't think..."

"He doesn't think it's worth it! He doesn't think! He doesn't think!" she shook her head. Tears scattered across the stained wooden table.

Her brother reached across and took her hand.

"Don't cry, sis, I'll work and we can put all we have together and we'll find a way. No matter what the hell's happening in this damned province the farm is the most important thing we've got and land like this and the people who work it are the most important thing the whole damned country has!"

Carol sobbed gently and rubbed her face in her brother's calloused hand.

"Look sis," he said, "I talked to dad before about going to the provincial government to have the land made into a green area. Didn't he tell you that in his letter?"

"Stanley, there is really nothing to talk about. We won't lose the land."

"But did father tell you about the idea?"

"Really, there's nothing to talk about. We're safe. Home free."

"What do you mean, sis? Did you go to the government?"

"I went to the Premier. Don't you remember how he saw me at that rally in '74?"

"Yeah, I know, but what happened?"

"The farm is saved."

"But what did he want?"

She broke down and buried herself in his arms. "He took it, Stan — everything!"

Stan stiffened. "That bastard! That unholy bastard!"

Dear Trotti



Dear Trotti,
I am worried. Can you go blind if you join the NDP?

In the Dark,

Dear Dark,
Due to their concentration on minimum demands, you may go a bit short sighted. Make sure you have regular check-ups and remember — social democracy is nothing to be ashamed of: it's just like any other disease.

Dear Trotti:
Last night I was passing by the Progressive Conservative youth hall and saw my son in there, chatting intimately with a PC member. I don't know where to turn. I think my boy might be — tory. I know the American Psychiatric Association says it isn't a disease anymore, but I'm still worried. Is it too late to change my son's political orientation?

Mother

Dear Mum,
Please don't be too upset. Some of the world's greatest people have been tory. Why, just think: John A., Napoleon and, some say, Winston Churchill himself have all have been called tory in their time. Just offer love and understanding.

Dear Trotti,
I am 21 and still a novice. Comrades have asked me to political rallies but I'm too frightened of the consequences. How can I prevent conversion?

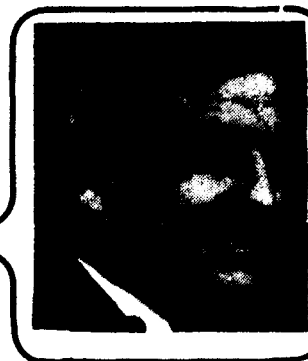
Wondering

Dear W,
I don't hold with rallying before recruitment. You just keep away — abstention is the best prevention. One day the Right Political Party will come along and you'll be glad you saved yourself up for it.

Dear Trotti,
My mother says you can catch liberalism from toilet seats. Is that true?

Constipated and Concerned

Dear Con,
What an old husband's tale! It can only be spread through political intercourse.



Sun Shiner of The Week

Meet Peter Loughheed, a top University Sun carrier, and Sun Shiner of the Week.

Forty-nine year old Pete has developed a route with 68 daily customers, all of them Conservative M.L.A.'s. On this basis, he earns a profit of \$14,000 per year.

Of course, money isn't the only reason that Pete enjoys being a Sun-Shiner. He's learning to operate his own province while developing his ability to meet and deal with people.

Pete attends the Legislative Assembly, and enjoys question period, press conferences, and pinball. Because the University Sun is a twice-weekly paper, being a Sun-Shiner doesn't interfere with Pete's other financial interests.

If you're a politician 45 or over, and would like to become a Sun-Shiner, phone 432-5168



The Cousteau Story



A Film Presentation

by

Bill Macdonald

of the Cousteau Society

Sunday, April 23

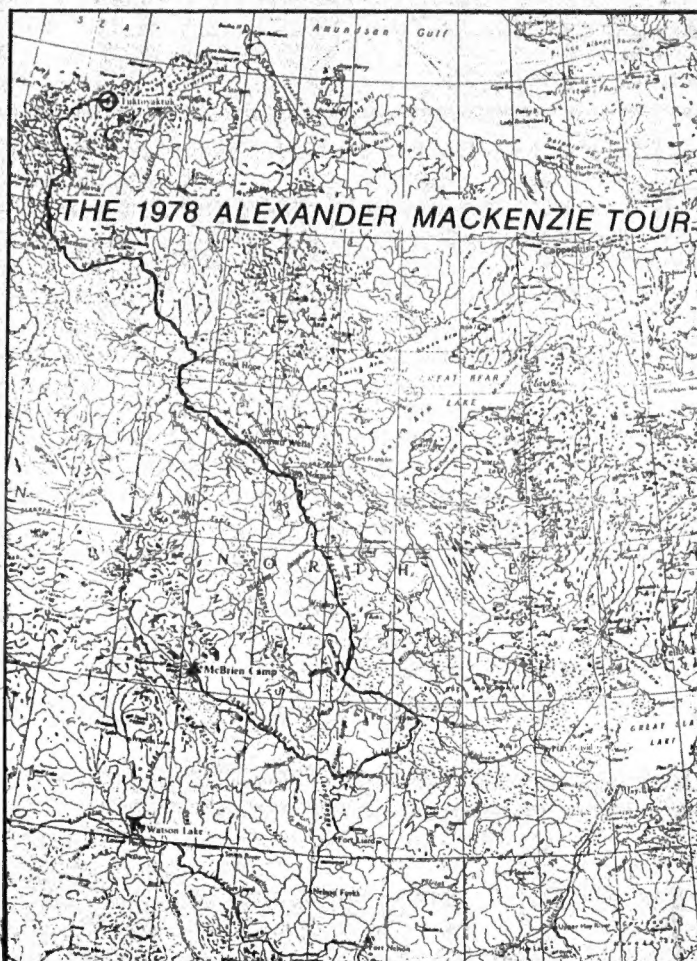
2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

\$3.50 Advance \$4.50 door

SUB THEATRE

Tickets available at HUB Box Office and Mount Ocean Sports(10133-82 Ave. phone 433-0096)

Travel



Facilities at the lodge include: a bunkhouse, a boathouse and workshop, a large corral for the well-bred packhorses, and a fifty-person sauna. "The sauna comes in mighty handy after a week on a well-bred packhorse," Bjorn says.

Hansen's program for his guests (though he prefers to call them 'clients') emphasizes a no-nonsense wilderness experience. He has been forced to admit a certain laxness in his expeditions for what he terms 'those lily-livered city-slickers!!' On the shorter pack-tours, he allows the use of sleeping bags instead of blankets, but draws the line at Popeil Pocket Fishermen. "I'm not gonna allow any goddamn machine to do the fishing for my clients!" Hansen says.

The granddaddy of all expeditions offered by the company, however, is the 1978 Alexander Mackenzie Tour, which is run by Bjorn himself. This marathon trip lasts from June 10 to mid-August (allowing for delays due to extremes of weather).

Starting at Bjorn's lodge in the shadow of Mt. Sir James McBrien, expedition members will descend the South Nahanni, portaging around the magnificent Victoria Falls, and join the Liard River at the settlement of South Nahanni. From there the trip will follow the Liard to its junction with the mighty Mackenzie at Fort Simpson. The remaining thousand miles to Tuktoyaktuk will take you through the heart of the north country, past settlements like Norman Wells, Fort Godd Hope and Fort McPherson, and through some of the emptiest territory in the world. Once at Tuktoyaktuk, the tour members will disperse, and arrangements for transfer back to Edmonton can be made.

Information about the Mackenzie Tour, and other excursions, is available from Mr. Hansen's Edmonton representative, at Box 137, Students' Union Building, University of Alberta.

by Art Gorm

When you're thinking in terms of a nice little holiday away from it all, do you dream idyllically about tropical breezes and swaying palms? About walks down the Boul St. Mich with an accordionist playing softly in the background? About a night at the Casbah with a mysterious stranger?

If so, don't look into Bjorn Hansen's Northern Tours. When Bjorn gets you out in a canoe on the middle of the Nahanni River, surrounded by Yukon wilderness, you'll forget completely about the finer points of civilized life.

Mr. Hansen's latest offering is a two month expedition through what must be some of the toughest terrain in the world. You'll start in Edmonton, where you'll be flown via Canadian Pacific to Watson Lake. From there it's a short flight via Wardair to the Upper Nahanni, and a short pack-ride into Bjorn's private lodge.

BJORN HANSEN AND ASSOCIATES NORTHERN TOURS LTD.

PRESENTS
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ALEXANDER MACKENZIE TOUR

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July 10

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**Other
Tours
Available:**

Three-week Expeditions

— Upper Nahanni

from \$790.00

(including return airfare)

One Week's Fishing
on the Caribou River

from \$470.00

(including return airfare)



Bjorn Hansen, leader of the Alexander Mackenzie Tour, is seen here on the Nahanni River near his lodge. Bjorn says "My clients will be seeing some of the most beautiful country in the world. Join us!"

For Further Information,
contact our Edmonton
Representative:

P.O. Box 137,
Students' Union Building,
University of Alberta

Bjorn Hansen and Associates Tours Association and has been Northern Tours Ltd. is a member of operating Mt. St. James McBrien the Yukon and NorthWest Territories Camp since 1947.

STAMP AROUND ALBERTA

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Travel Alberta
CANADA

Hohol found dead in coin vault

by Studebaker Hawk

Bert Hohol, Minister of Advanced Education and Manpower was found dead early today in the legislative vault.

Apparently, Dr. Hohol was taking his daily bath in the 1400 gallon "loose change" vault when he was overcome by an ocean of nickel and silver coins.

Doctor Arthur Ritus, who signed the death certificate, described the death as "a cute asphyxiation". Commenting later on the accident the legislative surgeon said, "this is a sad day for all Albertans... yuk, what a mess!"


A grief-stricken vault assistant told the *UniSun*, "He was near the middle of the vault, floating with a contented smile on his face and humming, 'If I were a rich man...' Then as he began doing a simply gorgeous back-stroke, he just sort of disappeared amid the coins. The assistant added that Dr. Hohol came up twice with fists full of money before being finally overwhelmed. "It was the way he would have wanted to go," the unnamed assistant added.

The doctor presiding at the autopsy reported that 214 quarters, 89 dimes, 103 nickels and 4 soothers were removed from Dr. Hohol's lungs and stomach. "It was a grisly sight," Dr. Hi R. Raits said. The doctor, who was unable to account for the presence of the nipples, remarked that the coin swallowing was a new Guinness record. "It's

strange, but we just couldn't get the last few coins free from his death grip," Dr. Raits later said.

Dr. Ritus, the legislative surgeon, added a further tragic

note to the unfortunate occurrence. "If!" he said, "if there had been just \$6.2 million less in that vault, a drop in the bucket, this terrible thing never would have happened."



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Student Help 432-4266 Rm. 250 SUB
Drop in or call us

Recipe

Take 1 student
 ½ cup mixed emotions
 2 exam failures
 1 overdue term paper
 ¼ lb. discontent
 3 cups all-purpose sifted frustration
 4 oz. misdirected motivation
 a pinch of thyme

Combine all ingredients, roast before class, stew in own juices, drain off excess emotions and garnish with shattered confidence. Wrap in red tape. Serve hot.

For relief:
STUDENT HELP consumes 47 times
 its weight in excess problems.



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For more information or application forms,

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Russell Sawchuk
 Program Head, Applied Sciences
 Grant McEwan Community College
 Box 1796 Edmonton Alberta
 Telephone: 462-5661

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 ... a real zinger.
 —Pierre Berton

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 —Robert Fulford

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"... a thorough, comprehensive, pointed, and admirably written piece of work. It reveals a situation which is both startling and disquieting, and helps to explain some of our present crisis of national unity." —Senator Eugene Forsey

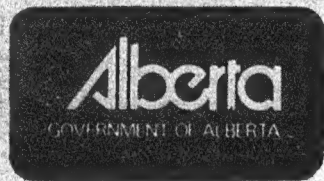
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ALBERTA HOUSING AND PUBLIC WORKS

TENDERS WANTED

FOR DEMOLITION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA (G013)

PROJECT: Demolition of the entire campus of the University of Alberta - approx. 15,500,000 sq. ft. CLOSING TIME AND DATE: 2 O'clock p.m., Edmonton local time, Thursday, April 20, 1978, at Contracts Branch, Alberta Housing and Public Works, 16th Floor, College Plaza, 8215 112 St., Edmonton Alberta.

Plans and Specifications are available to General Contractors only on deposit of \$15,000.00 (Fifteen thousand Dollars), at the foregoing address.

Plans and specifications have been placed with Construction Associations in Edmonton for the information of prospective bidders.

Each contractor's tender must be accompanied by Security of \$100,000.00 which will be returned after the contract is awarded.

The attention of tenderers is drawn to:

(a) The "Public Works Act", Page 2, Clause 9, which refers to forfeiture of security.

(b) The "Public Service Act", Section 24, prohibiting employees in the Public Service from dealing in Crown Lands.

The successful bidder will be required to leave his tender deposit as guarantee deposit.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

Tenders will be opened in public at the time, date and address specified above.

J.F. Hunt, P. Eng.
Deputy Minister of
Public Works



Transport Canada

SEALED TENDERS for the prospects of services listed below, addressed to the Regional Supply Officer, Transport Canada, 6th Floor, 9820 107 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T5K 1G3, and endorsed with the Project Name, will be received until 3:00 p.m. EDMONTON TIME, on the specified closing date. Tender documents may be obtained from the above address, on payment of the Applicable Deposit.

PROJECT

"CONSTRUCTION OF MAJOR AIRCRAFT LANDING FACILITIES, AIRCRAFT PARKING APRONS, SERVICE RUNWAYS, PASSENGER TERMINAL, SERVICE ROAD & RELATED WORKS AT THE NEW SITE OF THE EDMONTON MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, 87 AVENUE & 114 STREET, EDMONTON, ALBERTA"

This tender consists of the following:

Major items under this contract include the following approximate metric quantities: common excavation 29,000,000 M3, granular base & sub-base 32,000,000 Tonnes, hot mix asphalt concrete 2,300,000 Tonnes, Portland cement concrete 4,200,000 Tonnes, sub-surface drainage various sizes, 1,000,000 Meters, security fencing 950,000 Meters, apron lighting, runway lighting, radar, air surveillance, ground control systems, assorted buildings and sundries.

CLOSING DATE: April 25, 1978

CLOSING TIME: 3:00 P.M. Edmonton Time

DEPOSIT: \$125,000.00

Tender documents may also be seen at the offices of the Minister of Advanced Education, Legislative Building, Edmonton, Alberta.

INSTRUCTIONS

Deposit for plans and specifications must be made in the form of a CERTIFIED BANK CHEQUE to the order of the Receiver General for Canada, and will be released on return of the documents in good condition within 14 days from the date of tender application.

To be considered each tender must be submitted in DUPLICATE on the forms supplied by the Department and must be accompanied by the Security as specified in the tender documents.

For further information, call 425-5182.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

D.J. Dewar

Western Regional Administrator

717 Notice Board

Lost: Contact Lenses outside women's washroom, 3rd floor Cameron Library. Phone Peeping Tom, 434-9320

Typing: naet, prmpt, term paberx, ect. 482-6671. Sue, after seeing.

Pregnant and educated? Learn the hard way, don't you?

Lost: IBM Mark XIII. No reward. No questions asked, just tell us how you got it down the elevator.

FORENSIC MEDICINE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION is seeking dynamic suggestions for their up-coming Forensic Medicine Week. Donations of spare parts would also be appreciated. Ph 432-5186.

DIET CENTER: Lose 40 lbs overnight. Drop by Faculty of Medicine Amputation and Gangrene Training Center. Open nights until 1 a.m.

Battery operated Bertie Dolls for sale. He flaps, grins, shrugs, and stands behind Pete Politician Doll. Sold separately during elections. Batteries not included.

Wanted: Closet to rent in SUB for quick changes during the day - M. Lukat 439-9230

Produce your own honey. Complete cloning kit and artificial womb. Phone 436-6920 after 9 a.m.

COTIAC has not stopped in its campaign to have adequate funding of the university by the government., mainly because our \$2,000 grant is not used up. COTIAC will be having nightly meetings in RATT during the summer months to use up the remaining \$1,798 before the fall when we hope to be able to forget the entire issue.

Wanted: Aggressive but feminine girl, interested in student politics next year - Ron 432-1234

Edmonton Gay Liberation Caucus. Rm 282 SUB 7:00 p.m. Strategy planning session. Guest speaker: Anita Bryant's hair-dresser.

Employment Opportunity Continuing growth and expansion has created immediate opening for recent CA graduates in offices in Alert and Tuktoyuktuk NWT. Excellent opportunities for advancement to office manager. Must speak and write fluent Russian and Inuit. Please reply in confidence to Box 111. The University Sun, Edmonton.

JEW'S HARP AND SCRUBBIE BOARD ENSEMBLE Interpret Bach and Mozart, 12:30 in Entymology Culture room. requests will be accepted (anyth but La Cucaracha or Jeep Peepers, Where'd You Get Th Creepers, please)

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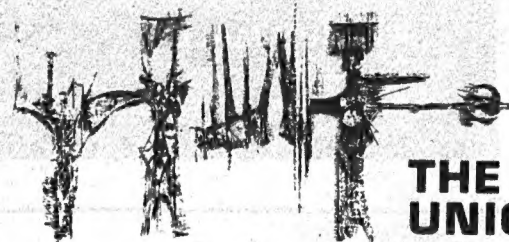
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